

The WAR CRY

CHRISTMAS 1944

NO. 3135 TORONTO, DECEMBER 23, 1944



A YULETIDE PRAYER

O THOU Who changeth the earth at Yuletide,
Who maketh it with loveliness to shine . . .
Touch, we pray, the wayworn souls of mankind,
Transform them, too!
And Lord, begin with mine.

A Babe is Born!

"Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke 2:11.

THERE is always something wonderful and fascinating about the birth of a baby. The place and hour of its advent into the world, the newspaper announcements, the written and verbal messages to and from relatives and friends, the selection of a name or names, the gifts, and so on, all make the occasion interesting, impressive, and highly important.

Babies? Consider the fact that more than 12,000 were born last year in Salvation Army Hospitals in the Canadian Territory alone!

Nowadays in Western lands most children survive babyhood, but this was not always so in the East. When I lived in Peiping, China, I learned that at one period in the history of that city, fifty per cent. of the babies born died before they were twelve months old. The situation improved greatly as the years passed and Western doctors and care were introduced.

COUNTLESS millions of babies were born before the One referred to in our text, and countless millions have been born since.

But here was a Life different from all other lives. Here was an event in the world's history which cannot be compared with any other event. Wrapped in swaddling clothes was a Little One whose vision of this world first rested upon the humble animals and equipment of an Eastern stable, but nevertheless Whose coming was the fulfilment of long-foretold prophecy. One whose influence was to touch, and go on touching, the lives of millions under every sun. One whose birth set streams of health and healing, Salvation and Holiness, running; and which must surge on until time shall be no more.

The fingers of the past all pointed to the advent of Bethlehem's Babe. Indeed, the Old Testament is a glowing record of Messianic prophecy. With the passing of the centuries, the face of the Christ grew brighter and brighter. First there was the dim outline in "the seed of the woman"; later the portrayal of the sacred Visage, marred as was no other face, and defiled with spitting. Then later He occupies a throne high and lifted up—the Ancient of Days; and Malachi presents a picture of Him as "the Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings."

THE announcement of the advent of Jesus was apparently first made known to a few poor ignorant shepherds watching their flocks by night on the Galilean hills. They brought "tidings of great joy." What made these tidings particularly joyous? It was because they proclaimed that in the nearby town of Bethlehem a Saviour was born, Christ the Lord.

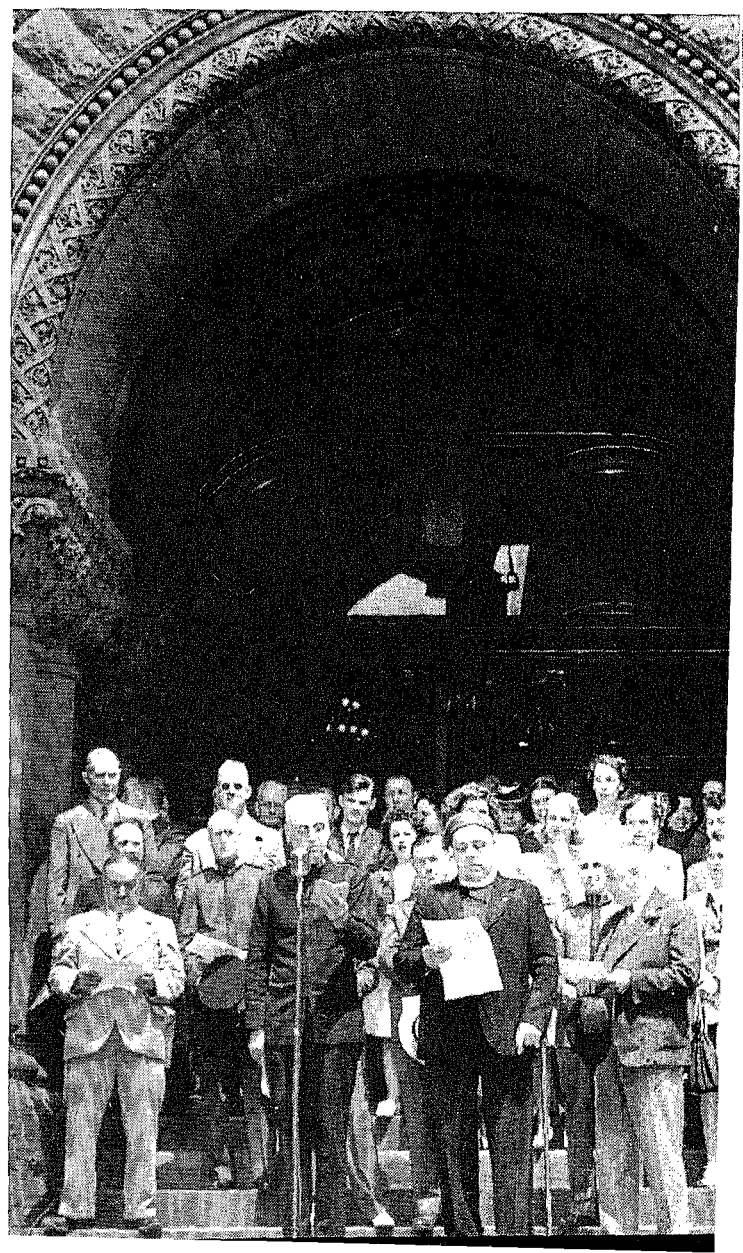
How true it is that God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. Babies coming into a royal household are usually surrounded by the greatest luxury, receive most skilful care, and are guarded in every way against known and unknown dangers. How different was the coming of Jesus! He said of Himself once, "The Son of man hath not where to lay His head," and that was His experience at birth—there was no room in the inn, and that unwanted attitude followed Him to the end.

From the very beginning His life was in danger, and Joseph and Mary, and the Baby at a very early age, were hurried out of Palestine as fugitives. No room in the inn and no room in the country! Not wanted in Gadara, for the people came "and besought Him to leave their coast!" Not wanted by those who should have given Him first place in their lives, for "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." *(Continued on page 30)*

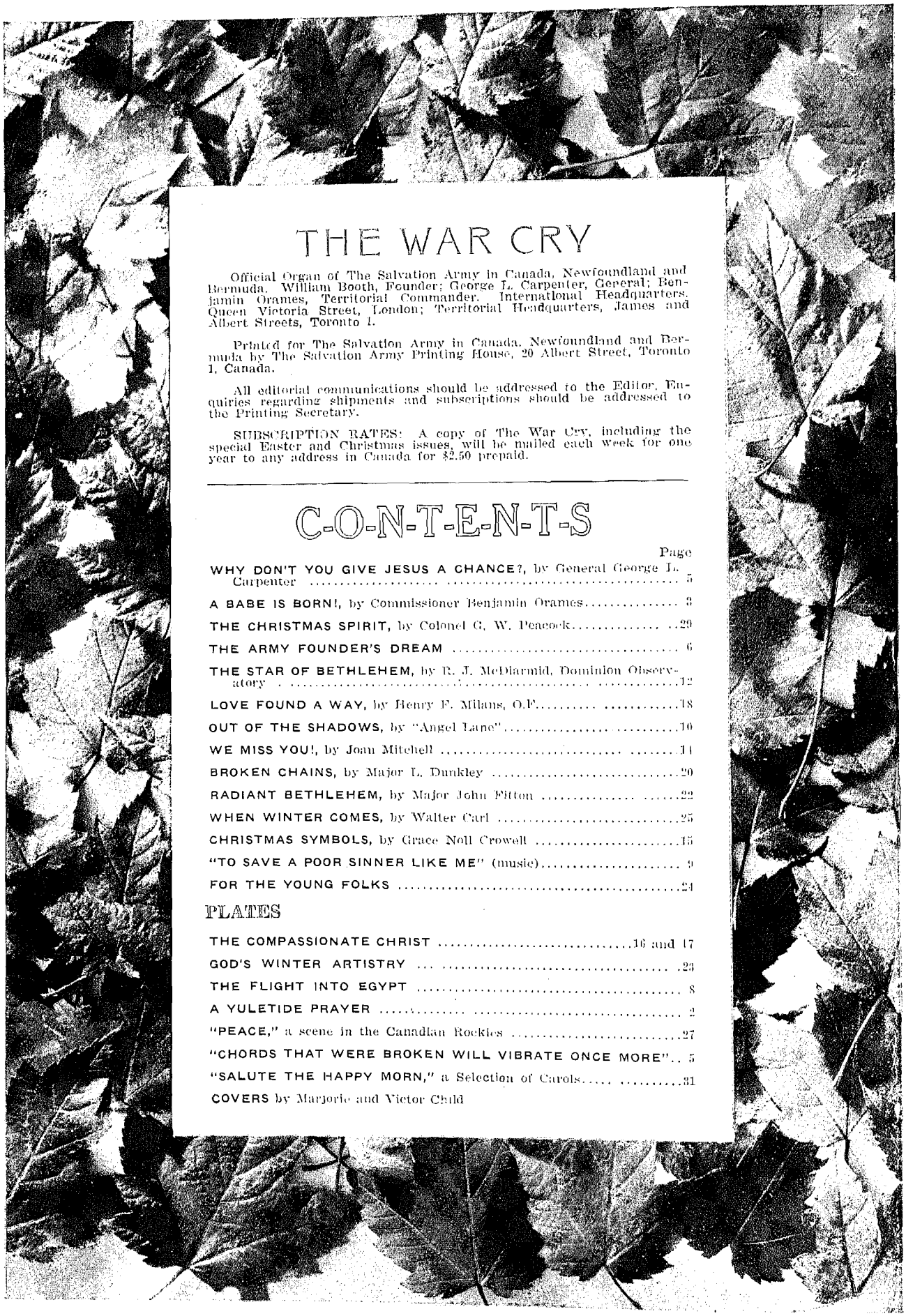
By : : :

COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES

Territorial Commander for Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda



Commissioner B. Orames, writer of the accompanying article, stands before the microphone during a Civic Service of Intercession held in front of Toronto's stately City Hall. With the Commissioner are Mayor Dr. F. J. Conboy and Lt.-Colonel (Padre) S. E. Lambert, warm friends of The Army, and Colonel G. W. Peacock, Chief Secretary, who also is a contributor in this issue



THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland and Bermuda. William Booth, Founder; George L. Carpenter, General; Benjamin Orames, Territorial Commander. International Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London; Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 1.

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"CHORDS THAT WERE BROKEN WILL VIBRATE ONCE MORE."—A source of inspiration to Salvationists and visitors to The Army's Headquarters in Toronto, this striking picture, the 8 ft by 6 ft original of which, painted by an eminent artist, Mower Martin, R.C.A., hangs in the Council Chamber, depicts an early-day street meeting and the winning of a drink-slave to Christ. Not far from the same spot similar meetings have been held in recent years, with numbers of intoxicated men and women seeking deliverance from the chains of evil habit, thus demonstrating the fact that the Divine touch still has its ancient power

Why Don't You Give Jesus a Chance?

A MESSAGE FROM GENERAL G. L. CARPENTER

International Leader of The Salvation Army

WHEN a medical surgeon was recently broadcasting an account of the work of blood transfusion units, he remarked that "on the whole, the servicemen he met took little interest in the work—*until they became battlefield fighters.*"

Then they saw its value. For any one of them blood transfusion might be a matter of life or death.

Most of us are alike, in that respect. Until we feel the need we are not greatly interested in the possibility of it arising. I recall the trouble the authorities in Britain had to persuade people to clear their house-lofts of the odds and ends which had accumulated there. That was until the fire raids began. Then the lofts were cleared!

Some people have naturally wide and quick sympathies. Their dispositions take them into the hospital ward, into places of poverty and shame, and stir them into action to help and save. But for the most part—"out of sight out of mind!" Or else our sense of need is blurred by a wrong conception of the way in which it can be met. We fancy that more money would make us happy, or the foreman's job, or a neighbor's garden, or a homeland furlough! A character in a widely read book wanted an island as a reward for his faithfulness! Some cry for the moon!

But when we get the money or the garden or the job or the island or even the moon, we are not at rest for very long. We want something else, because money, jobs, gardens, islands, moon cannot satisfy the longing of the human heart.

IT was this dullness, this failure to recognize the need, or a mistaken notion of how the need was to be met, which confronted Jesus when He came to earth.

"His Name," said the angel to Joseph, "shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." The Chosen Race did not see Him as a Saviour of that kind, or any other kind. They were greatly in need of help. They longed for release from the yoke of their conquerors. They refused to be pacified or assimilated. Peaceful penetration did not suit their temper. Those amongst them who took service with the foreign power, were hated and despised. Executions on a wholesale scale did little more than provoke them to greater sullenness. Their religious thought was deeply dyed with the consciousness of their favor with God, which sense of favor had hardened into an arrogant sense of superiority.

"Nothing of what Judas is saying means anything to Caiaphas," says the author of "A Man Born to be King." How should it?—since he is totally destitute of any sense of sin. "Stiff-necked" was the word Jesus used.

With this religious pride was the expectation concerning the Messiah. Their Scriptures were dominated by the promise of "the day of the Lord," when by some mighty intervention the hand of God would provide them with a Leader who should throw off the shackles that bound them, and establish them as a ruling people enjoying their Golden Age. All peoples of the earth would be subject to them!

A great body of the Jewish people wrongly thought of this promise as a visible earthly kingdom with a throne; with prosperity and security, and the thought that God was their strength and none could throw them down.

In all this, despite many warnings in the Scriptures that only by righteousness could they be saved, there was little thought of Salvation from their sins. It was not their sins which bothered them, but the sins of their oppressors; not their need for repentance, but the

(Continued on page 28)



GENERAL G. L. CARPENTER

IN THE FIRELIGHT'S GLOW

THE ARMY FOUNDER'S Penetrating Christmas DREAM

IN view of the fact that the present year marks the Centenary of William Booth's conversion as a lad at Nottingham, England, the accompanying story is of particular interest. From that epochal event finally emerged The Salvation Army, the God-blessed activities of which to-day literally girdle the globe.



WITH that remarkable sense of reality so often experienced in dreams, I found myself at Christmastide in a magnificent mansion. Mistletoe and holly were in every room, indicating the festivities with which the occupants of the mansion had been recently celebrating the advent of the Saviour.

A young man was standing with his arms resting on the mantelpiece, gazing into the dying fire. The flickering embers showed him to be tall, slim, dark and intelligent.

He was apparently deep in thought.

Soon after I entered, he commenced walking to and fro; and as he walked, he talked.

"What a future is mine!" he mused aloud; "I have loving parents, congenial friends, and considerable wealth, and they tell me I have genius as well. The latter is questionable. But I know that I can marry, have a home, and a thousand other pleasant things. How kindly God has dealt with me!

"What shall I do with this future?

"Well," still thinking aloud, he said, "I can maintain my position, cherish a family, be kind to my friends, and deal liberally with agencies working for the benefit of the world; and then, in addition to all these temporal blessings, I shall have hope for a better world when all these earthly pleasures are ended."

Here I thought I heard a slight movement at the door. Someone was entering. At first I fancied it was the servant, but I was mistaken. A strange figure walked across the room and, without any invitation, seated himself in a vacant chair beside the fire.

I had only an imperfect view of the visitor; but so far as I could judge, he belonged to the artisan class; anyway, he wore the garb of a working man. He looked tired and weary.

Sitting in the shadow, I could see but little of his countenance, but what I did see made me wish to see more. Altogether, he impressed me with the idea of sadness, suggestive of a heavy load of care; and yet there was about him a quietness of demeanor that seemed to testify to the possession of great inward strength and deep, unbroken peace.

Although a stranger to me, he was evidently no stranger to the young gentleman, who, a little time before, had with such satisfaction been laying his plans for the future.

THE night was chill. The stranger, apparently cold, drew his chair up to the fire. The young man took a seat opposite him. And there, for several minutes, they sat in silence, while I wondered what the meaning of it all could be.

At last the stranger spoke. As he did so, he turned his eyes full on the young man, and through the gloom I could see they were wonderful eyes, not so much in their peculiar size or color, as in their remarkable power of expression. As I looked into them, they seemed to speak volumes of that sadness which I at first noted. They were evidently the windows through which a sorrowful spirit looked out upon a sinning and suffering world.

But if his eyes were remarkable,

his voice was more remarkable still! Soft and melodious, and yet, oh! so piercing, it penetrated and thrilled one.

"Although I gave you notice of my coming," the stranger began, "you did not welcome me. I have appealed to you before, but in vain. I have sent you letters, but they have brought me no answer; messengers, but there has been no response; now I am come myself."

An anxious look passed over the young man's face; but he made no reply. Evidently he did not know exactly what to say.

"You are too much occupied to think about my affairs," the stranger went on. "You have so much to do with your studies, your pleasures, your future, and the rest of it, that any serious thought about my work is pushed aside. But my business is urgent, and I want an answer to the request I have sent you so often, and I want it to-night!"

The young man was still silent; but as the stranger spoke of wanting an answer to his request at once, I fancied that I saw him shake his head slightly, as much as to say, "That cannot be."

"You know my business. It needs no explanation," the stranger quietly went on, without any reference to the effect his words produced on his host. "The sins and sorrows of the world fill me with anguish; they are an overwhelming burden on my heart. Night and day I go to and fro, a living witness of all the horrid oppressions and cruelties inflicted upon man by his fellow man, and all the terrible wrongs and indignities that are heaped upon my Heavenly Father. I must do something more effective than has hitherto been done to change this terrible condition of things. I want you to help me. You can do much, but there is only a very little time to do it in."

"What can I do?" said the young man, speaking under his breath.

The stranger proceeded: "I have just come from India, where I have seen three hundred millions of men, women, and children, with only an exception here and there, still in darkness. I want men and women who will show them the way to the Kingdom of God. WHO WILL GO?"

By the twitching of his features, I observed that the young man's feelings were stirred, and I was not surprised to hear him break in with, "Oh, they must be helped, and they shall be helped! They shall live, and not die in darkness. But who will go?

"There is our governess; she has a tender heart, she might go. My coachman is a Salvationist; send him. He would be willing to face any difficulties, I am sure. Somebody must go, and as to the cost, if that is the barrier, I will subscribe liberally."

I COULD not help being pleased with the warm feeling displayed by the young fellow, but the stranger appeared disappointed; and, in the same measured tones, he proceeded: "I have beheld still more harrowing scenes in this your native land, as I wandered in and out of the slums of your cities." As he pronounced the word "slums," I fancied that his eyes glanced at the luxurious furniture of the apartment.

"Yes; I have been up and down the creaking, rotten staircases, and in and out of the filthy chambers, and seen the nakedness and wretchedness that reign there.

"I have been wandering, too, in and out of the haunts of drunkenness, and looked on the multitudes, that no man cares to number, of men and women whose bodies, minds, souls, lives, families, and neighbors are cursed forever by the blackest curse humanity knows—the curse of the monster drink!

"Yesterday, I saw a young man, insane with maddening passion, strangle his fair young wife. In the same city I saw a mother dash out the brains of a child of tender years; I saw a son dye the white hairs of his aged father with the parent's crimson blood."

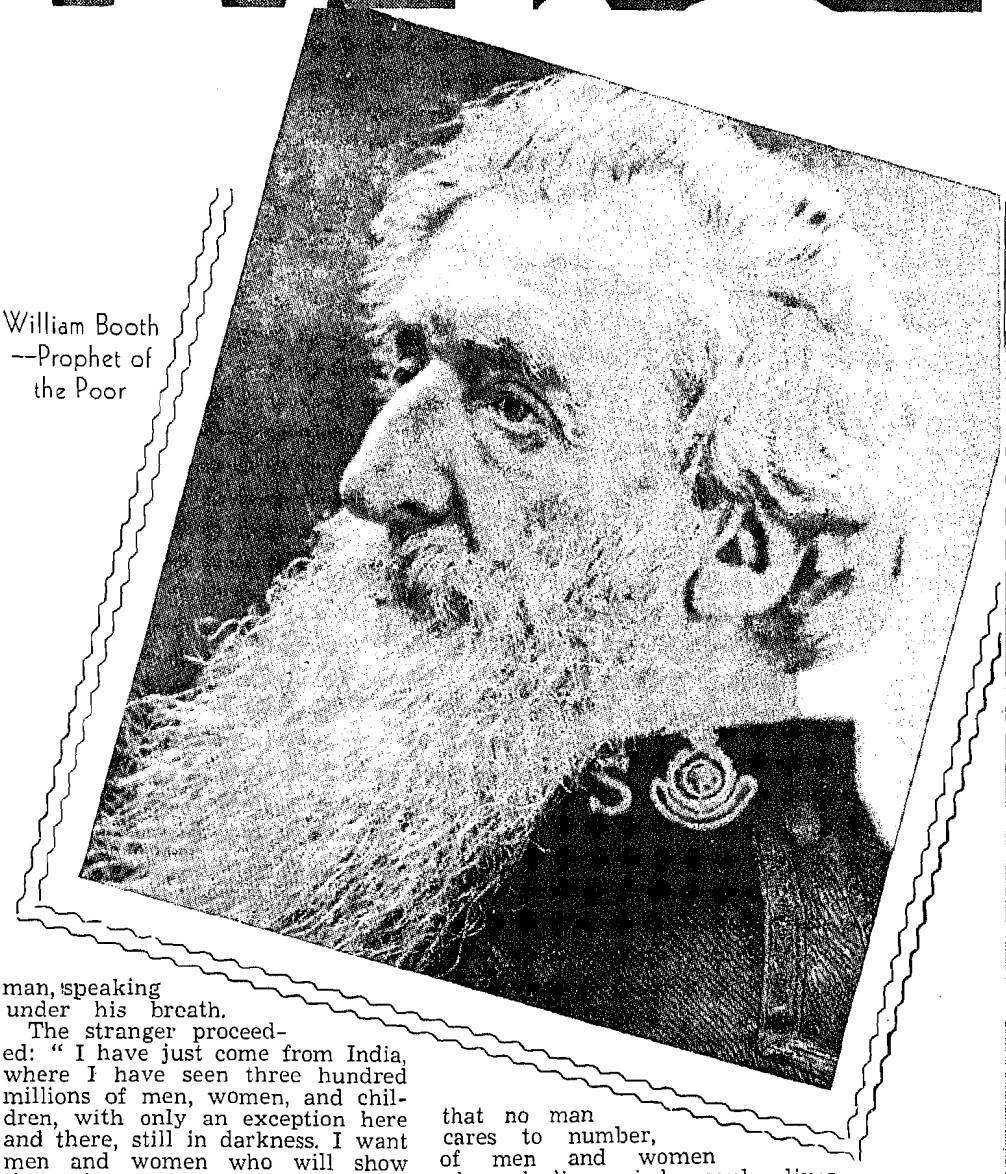
"Horrible!" ejaculated the young man.

"YES," continued the stranger, "I have stood for hours in the glittering saloons and watched men and women, with alluring smiles and flattering words, for the gain of a little gold, deal out the fiery fluid which they knew full well carries destruction to their customers."

The young man's face worked. It was obvious that he was deeply moved. "Oh, something shall be done!" he exclaimed. "The poor slaves of the drink plague shall have a chance." In his agitation, he paced the room.

In the same calm, yet piercing, tones, the stranger continued: "All last night I was in the streets, and in and out of the houses of ill-fame. There I saw thousands of women, young and old, many of whom were once, oh! so innocent and beautiful,

(Continued on page 26)



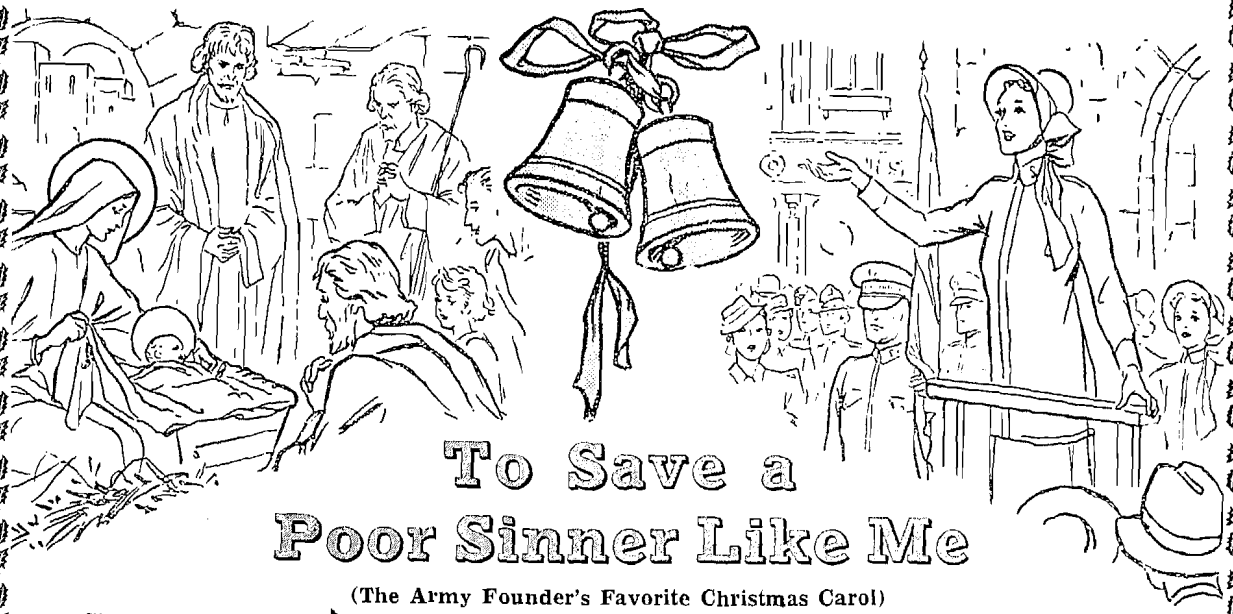
William Booth
--Prophet of
the Poor

Have you heard the
Good Tidings?
Christ has come,
He has brought you
The priceless blessings of
forgiveness,
Happiness, Usefulness and
Heaven.
Have you found the Treasure?
If not,
Seek it this very day.
Don't let Christ live and
Die in vain.
Williams Booth



A unique sculpture bas-relief effect presentation of Hofmann's masterpiece, specially engraved for this issue of The War Cry

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT—Matthew 2:13.



To Save a Poor Sinner Like Me

(The Army Founder's Favorite Christmas Carol)



He was wounded for our transgressions,
Acquainted with sorrow was He;
In the garden He prayed, and sweat great drops of blood,
To save a poor sinner like me.

Out of the SHADOWS

By "ANGEL LANE"



THE six o'clock siren at the big foundry sent its shrill, insistent note out into the chill November dusk. In many homes in the quiet little town of L— the siren was a warning to speed up the evening meal—for all too soon the sound would be repeated, and men and women, young and not so young, would need to be in their places by that time.

But to those in and around the many buildings of "the works," the ear-splitting whistle was a welcome noise denoting that yet another work-a-day was over!

Bill Henderson removed his leather apron and heavy overalls, and stretched luxuriously before hanging them in his locker.

"Boy! am I ever tired! Seems I get tired a lot quicker'n I used to." "Cheer up! old boy. Only half-a-day, to-morrow. Don't forget our 'date' for the evening!" And Bill turned to see his pal, Len Overton, beside him.

"No danger, Len! I'm thirsty right now, and I don't mean for 'tea'—although a pot of Bessie's brew will go down good." At the gates, Bill and Len met several old cronies.

"So long, Bill. Don't forget tomorrow night," was the greeting; and Bill's reply was: "Never fear; I'll be there!" Soon Bill wended his way alone, for he had recently moved to the outskirts of the town, where rents were lower.

Vanished Like Smoke

He had been obliged to sell his nice little second-hand car; and even his "wheel" had recently gone!

It had been a puzzle to Bill. Here he was getting good wages at one of the best jobs he had ever had; and Bessie was a fine manager; yet money seemed scarcer all the time. He had even cashed one of his Victory bonds, and that, too, had vanished like smoke. True, there had been the expense of wee Jeannett's arrival; but that had been before they came to L—, and the bills had been cleared with his third or fourth pay. Bessie was a wonderful needlewoman, and made his own, as well as the children's, clothes; and no little lads were better dressed at less cost than his ten-year-old Bruce, and seven-year-old Donald; whilst Jeannie, at three, wore dainty wee frocks and outfits that were the envy of many a mother's heart.

And he certainly had to admit that Bessie did it all on "next to nothing." That's all there seemed to be for her, lately, despite comfortably-padded pay-envelopes. Queer; mighty queer!

And Bill had had an extra bottle or two, as he sat with his buddies in the beer-parlor a mile or so out of town. He had "needed" it, to help him fathom the mystery.

Bill quickened his paces as a sudden gust of wind blew across from the nearby lake. Burrr! it's chilly; and I'm simply famished. Hope Bessie has an extra "spread" tonight. Another block, and he turned into his street. But what was wrong with the house?

What Would He Find?

Something different, or missing, somewhere. Hurrying, he came abreast of the shabby, weather-beaten little place; and then his heart missed a beat, for, instead of the cheery rays of light, that had always shone across the little patch of lawn, there was blankness, darkness! With a trembling hand he tried the front door; but it was fastened. Turning, he hastened to the back, and a chill of foreboding struck him as he saw the little padlock there. Fumbling in his fear, at last he had the door open. What would he find?

The kitchen stove had been filled with coal, and a large stew-pan stood at the back; and on the open door of the oven, stood a covered dish of his favorite dessert.

The table, too, was laid—but even before his fearful glance took in the letter propped against the sugar bowl, he saw that but one place was set. Flinging his coat and cap into a corner, he sank into the nearest chair, and, leaning on the back, he buried his face in his arms, and burst into tears.

"She's gone! My Bessie's gone! I don't need to read the letter. I know it; I feel it. She's gone!"

He Sat Brooding

Awhile he sat there, brooding; then roused himself to ask why? WHY? I've always been good to her. I love her; and she loves me; and we both love the children.

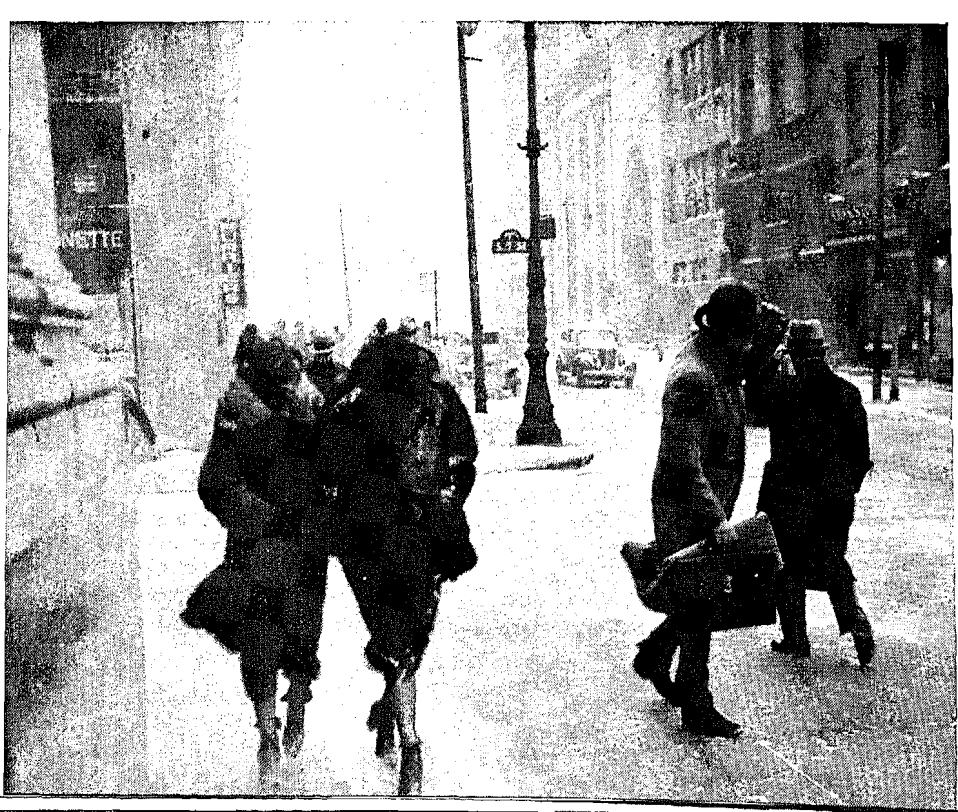
In God's name, why?

Tearing open the envelope he read the message:

"My Bill! my husband! How can I write this? How can I take the step I've decided upon? The children have looked at me in bewilderment as I packed our bits of things.

"'Not going to school? Going away somewhere? But why, Mum; why? What'll Dad say?" And my breaking heart asks, 'What, indeed?'

"But Bill, I must go; I must take



Snow flurries and chill breezes proclaim the approach of the Yuletide season

them! It isn't being so hard up; it isn't this shabby little place instead of our nice little home. No, Bill; no? These things are mere trifles, even though unpleasant. The real reason is you—Bill—*you!* More and more and yet more of your hard-earned money is going to the beer-rooms, Bill. Your so-called pals are dragging you down to their level.

"More than one Saturday night you've been drunk, Bill. You tried to swagger it off, but you were drunk, *drunk!* And last week-end you were so noisy when you came in, and Don got up to see what was the matter; and I saw his terrified little face as he looked at you, and . . . understood!

"And so, Bill, I'm taking them away, to give you a chance to think it over; to ask yourself if your 'pals' are worth all they are costing you. I'm going back to Aunt Ella and Uncle Dave. They won't ask too many questions, and it will be nice for the children, on the farm.

"Think it over, Bill; and God help you!

"All my love,

"Bessie."

Bill Henderson stared with unseeing eyes at the letter in his hand. So that was it—and yet—and yet—how right Bessie was. He certainly needed something to bring him to his senses. God help him, indeed.

A sound of tapping feet roused him from his reverie. Going to the front door he found a neighbor's small girl there. "Please, there's someone wants you on our 'phone."

Bessie? Was she coming back? But no! The voice of his workmate, Len Overton, greeted him. "Hi, Bill! We've decided to go farther afield this week. Out to G'—s place at B—. Have to get a good start, so wear your good duds and change at 'the works.' O.K., Bill?"

An instant of hesitation; then Bill answered: "O.K., Len. I'll be there with bells on!"

Back at home, Bill put the letter in the fire. He'd show Bessie he could take it! Then he warmed up the food, ate, and went to bed.

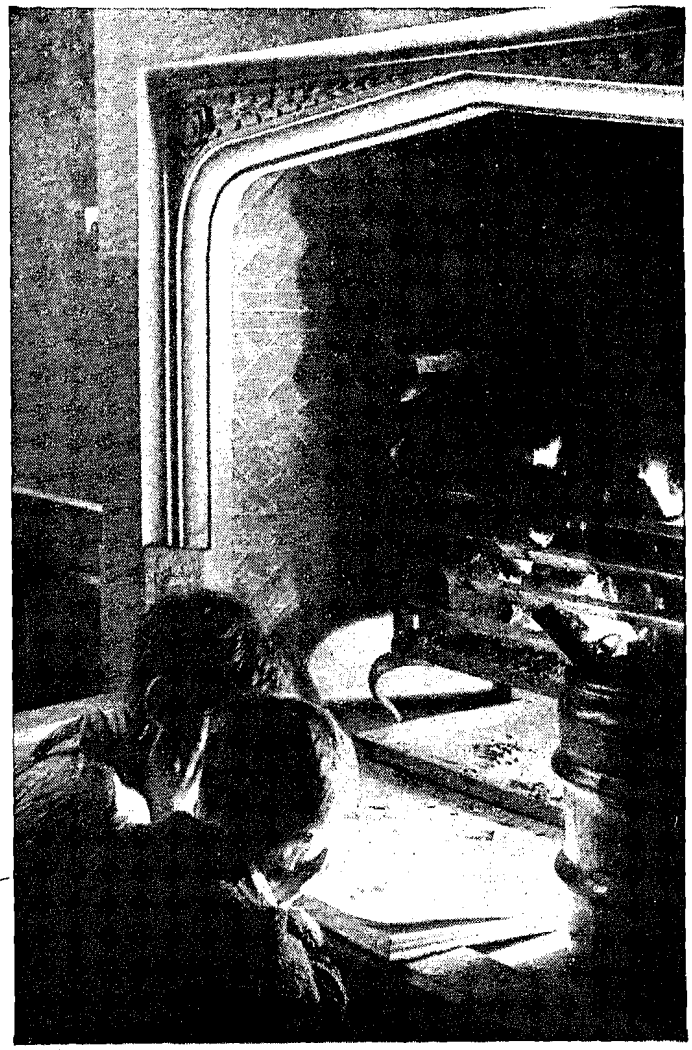
Bruce and Donnie came home from the little school at the cross-roads one Friday afternoon, just bubbling over with excitement.

"Mum!" said Bruce, "what do you think? Two ladies came to the school this afternoon with Salvation Army bonnets on: and they had jingly things that they played; and they taught us choruses, nice lively ones; and we clapped; and they're going to start a Sunday school — only they call it Home Company — just down the road at Mrs. Beasley's, and they want all us kids to go.

"And, Mum, if we go every week from now on, we can go to the Christmas tree in the Hall at G—.

"They're going to borrow a sleigh from Beasley's and take us all in.

Suddenly, as faint streaks of light heralded a new day, Bill found himself on his knees, telling God all about the muddle he had made of things



Reading the Christmas Story by the firelight

"It's to be on the 23rd of December; and Mothers and Dads can come, too. I wish Dad could be there! But you'll come, and Jeannie, won't you, Mums?" And Bessie, hiding her heartache with a gay smile, assured them that she would!

There were glad times in the Beasley farmhouse, from then on. Sunday afternoons found a happy group that overflowed the cheery living-room.

Even the big collie—Shep—and the fat tortoise-shell cat—Sugar—were there. Shep got a bit excited during the singing and clapping; but Sugar sat quite still—her emerald eyes taking in everything, the while she purred like a steam-boiler.

One Sunday the Officer's wife came out, and she was sweet and lovely.

She told Bessie there would be a cottage prayer meeting on Tuesday night. Would she go? And Bessie went; and at the close of the meeting she knelt beside the table in the Beasley's dining-room, and rolled all her burden on God.

Not that she hadn't known Him before; but this was somewhat different!

It was Christmas week; the twenty-third, to be exact. The weather had turned very cold; and Bill Henderson had been obliged to get up at dawn, to start a fire in the heater, since the cookstove proved quite inadequate.

Sitting in the little "front room," watching the fire draw, he recalled other Christmastides. The trees—the pretty decorations—the gifts—the downright good times they all had had, before—yes! he might as well admit it; before he started on the beer-parlor route. What a fool he had been; what a fool! And this last escapade—this attempt to "show" Bessie. What a washout it had been! But he had soon sickened of it. There had been a Salvation Army chap come in the beverage-room that night. He had had quite a talk with Bill, and had gone down on his knees beside him and prayed for him.

Bill had been embarrassed at that, but beer-parlors somewhat lost their charm about then. And the contents of the last two pay envelopes had remained intact.

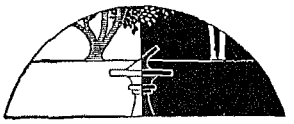
Suddenly, as faint streaks of light heralded a new day, Bill found himself on his knees, telling God all about the muddle he had made of things.

With a light heart Bill Henderson set about his preparations. He'd go up town and do some last-minute shopping, then he'd take the

(Continued on page 22)

By R. J. McDIARMID, DOMINION OBSERVATORY, OTTAWA

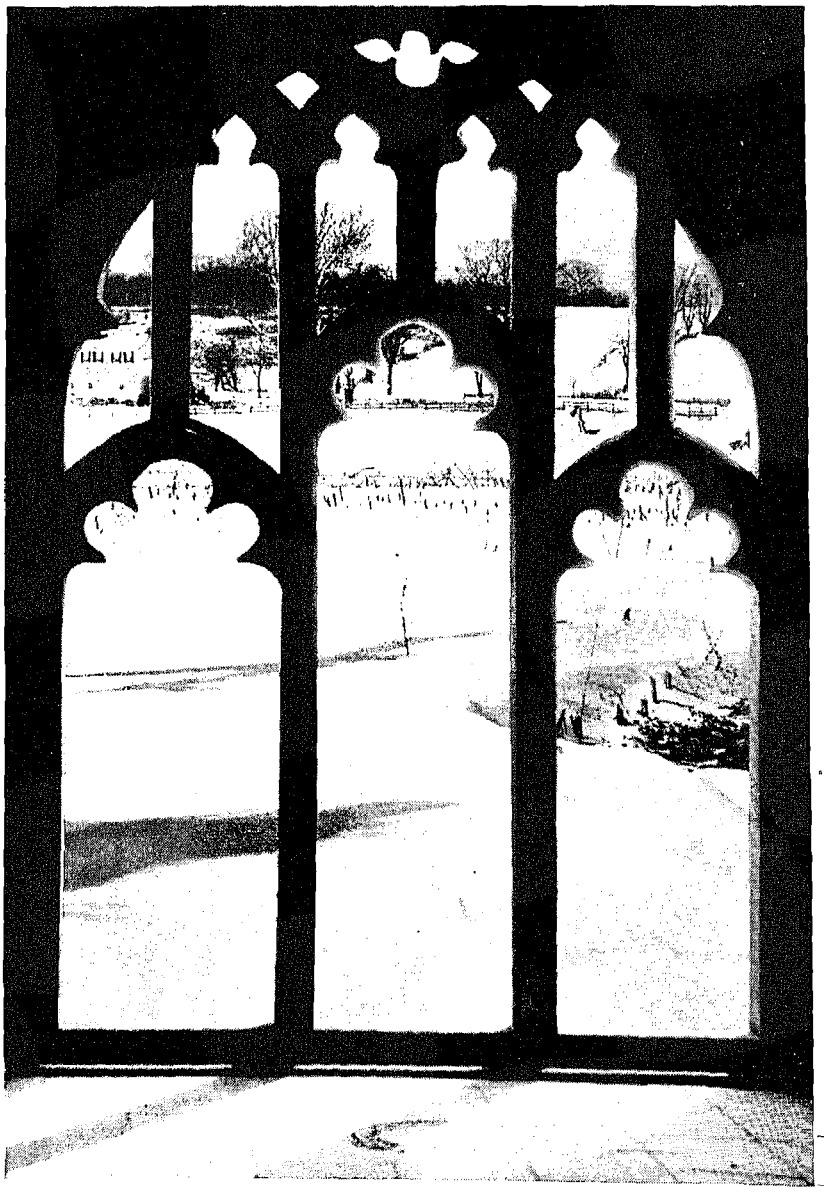
THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM



IT was toward the close of the reign of Herod the Great that the Wise Men from the East arrived at Jerusalem and threw Herod, the King, and all the city into great excitement by their question, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him." Herod at once gathered his chief priests and scribes together and demanded of them where the Messiah should be born. Their reply was distinct and unhesitating:

"In Bethlehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the Prophet; and thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel. Then Herod, when he had privily called the Wise Men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young Child: and when ye have found Him, bring me word again, that I may worship Him also. When they heard the king they departed, and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." There is no other mention of the star in Scriptural or historical records.

RICHARD JOHN McDIARMID, who contributes the accompanying article, is one of the senior astronomers on the Dominion Observatory Staff at Ottawa. His particular work is to determine time from observations of the stars in order to keep standard clocks correct; also to determine the positions of the stars, some 2,000 of which constantly are under observation. Time service is maintained not only for the Dominion Government, but is also distributed by radio and telegraph to all parts of the Land of the Maple.



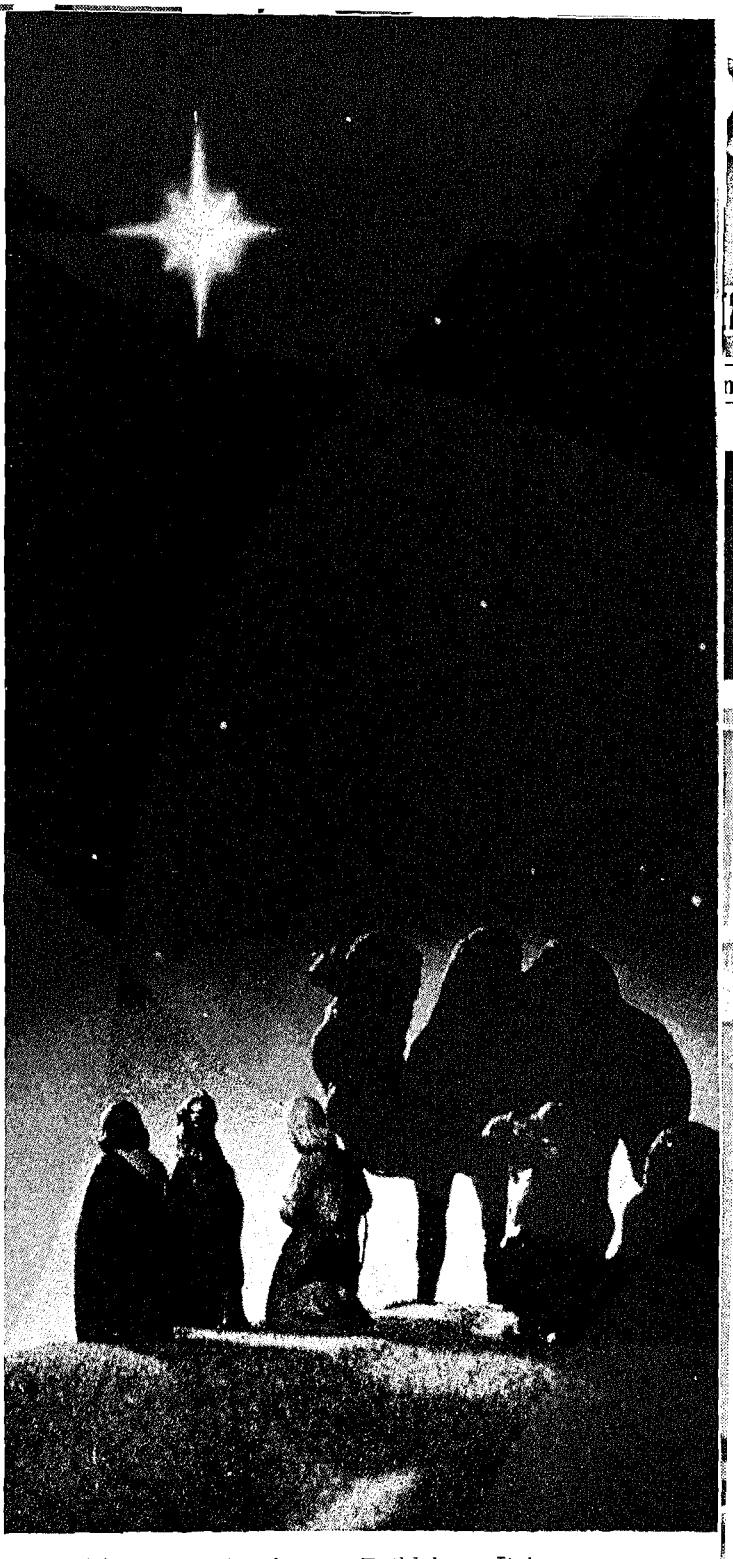
A gothic window enhances the sun-lit, glistening-white expanse beyond

We are told that the Bible should be studied precisely as any other book is studied. Before we can criticize any book, we must first ascertain what was the purpose that the author had in writing it. The history of Canada, for example, could be written by several authors, all from a different viewpoint, and the true author will keep in the background the details that have no bearing on his main object, and to those which have but a slight interest he will give only such notice as their importance warrants.

Revelation of God

The purpose of the Bible is to reveal God to us, and to teach us of our relationship to Him. It was not intended to gratify the natural and laudable curiosity which has been the foundation of the physical sciences. There is no reason for surprise, then, that the informa-

A Study of the Heavenly Phenomenon from a Modern Astronomer's Viewpoint



tion given us concerning the star is astronomically so imperfect. We are told that the first appearance induced them to leave for the East and set out for Judaea; the second pointed out to them the place at Bethlehem where the object of their search was to be found. Nothing is told us respecting the star except its work as a guide.

The historical evidence bearing on the date of the birth of Jesus is so vague and confusing that it is impossible to fix the year of the birth with any certainty, but it is probable that 5 B.C. is not greatly in error.

Several suggestions have been made as to a possible explanation of the star of Bethlehem. The first is by the great astronomer, Kepler (1570-1630). He supposed that he could identify the star with a conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn. In the year 7 B.C. there were three conjunctions of Jupiter and Saturn. It was suggested by Ideler, a famous chronologist, that the first conjunction warned the Wise Men to start on their journey, while the last one led them on the last of their journey to Bethlehem. Ideler was convinced his explanation was valid. However, when the computations were carefully checked by Greenwich Observatory, it was found they were slightly in error. It is true that there were three conjunctions, but at the wrong time of year, and also there were at least two lunar diameters' separation.

On a clear, moonless night there are 2,000 stars visible at one time to a person with ordinary vision. People like the ancient Chaldeans, living in the open, were more familiar with the stars than are people of the present day. It is, therefore, quite reasonable to believe that if a *nova* or new star bursts forth it would be noticed at once. These stars increase rapidly to maximum brightness and then gradually grow fainter and sometimes fade out. The brightest nova on record appeared in 1572, brighter than Venus. In 1604 another *nova* nearly as bright appeared; two others, 1901 and 1918, are also recorded as very bright. No one can say whether the Star of Bethlehem was a *nova* or not. *Novae* burst forth to great brilliance in the course of days, and that fact might be a sign of some great event such as these people were looking for; also such objects are invariably found in the Milky Way, and if the Milky Way was rising in the evening, it could have quite probably been in a suitable position; and lastly the *nova* remained conspicuous sufficiently long for the Magi to have completed their journey before it faded from view, which would explain why it was never mentioned later.

A third suggestion is that it might have been Halley's Comet. Many of us saw Halley's Comet in May, 1910, and remember what a marvellous sight it was in the night sky. It will again appear in 1985. It is unfortunate indeed that the visits of Halley's Comet to the earth have only been recorded as far back as 87 B.C. A great number of these early records are due to the Chinese. These chronicles reveal the definite records of a comet at the proper season and in the right part of the sky for every one of the twenty-seven times that Halley's Comet has visited the earth. Extensive and laborious computations have been made to verify these records. One of the earliest, and at the same time one of the most certain appearances was in 11 B.C. As stated before, the date of the birth of Christ is not known, except it was probably 5 B.C. A bright comet could not fail to cause universal wonder and excitement, as a sign heralding the arrival of a King.

The chronicles recording the visit of Halley's Comet in 11 B.C. state that during the latter part of August the Comet was in the constellation Gemini, the twins, a little to the north of the two bright stars Castor and Pollux. The latitude of Bethlehem is 31 degrees 42 minutes, and it so happens that 2,000 years ago Castor and Pollux were almost exactly 31 degrees 42 minutes north of what astronomers call the celestial equator. This means that these two bright stars passed directly overhead at Bethlehem, and since Halley's Comet came very close to these two stars, it must also have stood directly over Bethlehem. It is true there are certain objections: the comet would not have arisen until about midnight, so that it would not have been in the zenith at Bethlehem until sunrise.

These investigations have been carried out by astronomers in an endeavor to establish the movement of some heavenly body which is referred to in Biblical history as passing over Bethlehem at the time of the Birth of Christ. They all have objections perhaps, but in no way do they detract from the beauty of the wondrous Story which has endured for 2,000 years.

"THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER, **and all the sons of God shouted for joy.**"—Job 38:7.





WE MISS YOU!

Striking Stories of The Army's Missing Persons Bureau

Told to Joan Mitchell

CANADA is one place in which it is pretty hard to get lost; that is to get lost, and to stay lost. The reason being that throughout this country, there are a number of efficient and expert organizations for locating missing persons. For instance — there's the police force, and I hardly need to remind you of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police with its wonderful reputation for tracking down criminals. But there's one Organization which has been working quietly and thoroughly for fifty-five years, receiving little publicity yet solving some of the most baffling and mysterious cases imaginable. It is the Missing Persons Bureau of The Salvation Army.

One afternoon while I was visiting the Headquarters of the Bureau, the Brigadier in charge showed me a letter that had just come, bringing a rather unusual case to an end. He told me that a short while ago an only daughter of a family in Montreal, died very suddenly. At the time, a son who is serving with the Canadian Navy, was on leave, somewhere in Halifax. But exactly where he was—his mother and father had no idea. They were naturally most anxious to contact him before the funeral, but with such vague information as to his whereabouts — the whole affair seemed hopeless.

A Bright Idea

They tried every source they could think of—no one knew where he was. After three days had passed they were just about to give up the search, when suddenly an idea came to them. The last letter they had received from their son was written on The Army's Red Shield stationery. Could this one small clue possibly lead to anything? Franctically they called The Salvation Army in Montreal, told them their story, and asked for help. Without a second to lose the Officer in charge wired Halifax the details and requested an immediate search.

As soon as the telegram arrived, the Captain in charge of the local branch set to work. Leaving his office promptly to see what he could do about the case, he noticed a group of sailors standing outside the door. Questioning each one in turn, he asked if they had ever heard of the boy or where he might possibly be.

It was almost like a fairy tale! One of the sailors who was a friend of the boy had seen him a moment ago, and had no trouble in finding him. As a matter of fact—only ten minutes passed between the time the wire arrived in Halifax, and the boy was in the Captain's office. All because of a piece of Salvation Army writing-paper!

Arranged Airplane Passage

Of course the news of his sister's death came as a great blow to him, and he was anxious to get home in time for the funeral the next day. Unfortunately, he did not have enough money for the trip, and the train could not get him there on time, anyway. But seeing the boy's disappointment, the Captain telephoned the airport and arranged a passage for him on the next flight to Montreal. This letter that the Brigadier showed me at the Miss-



STORJORD, John Olav — Born in Fauske, Norway. Fair hair; blue eyes. Last heard of in Northern Ontario. Mother anxious for news of his whereabouts.

BLYTH, James—Last heard of in St. Mary's. Anyone knowing his present whereabouts please communicate. Friends anxious to locate him.

HOARE, John Albert Ernest—Age 47; medium height; dark hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Born in London, Eng. Last heard of around Coronation, Alta. Sister anxious for news.

A section of the "Missing Friends" column of The War Cry, taken at random

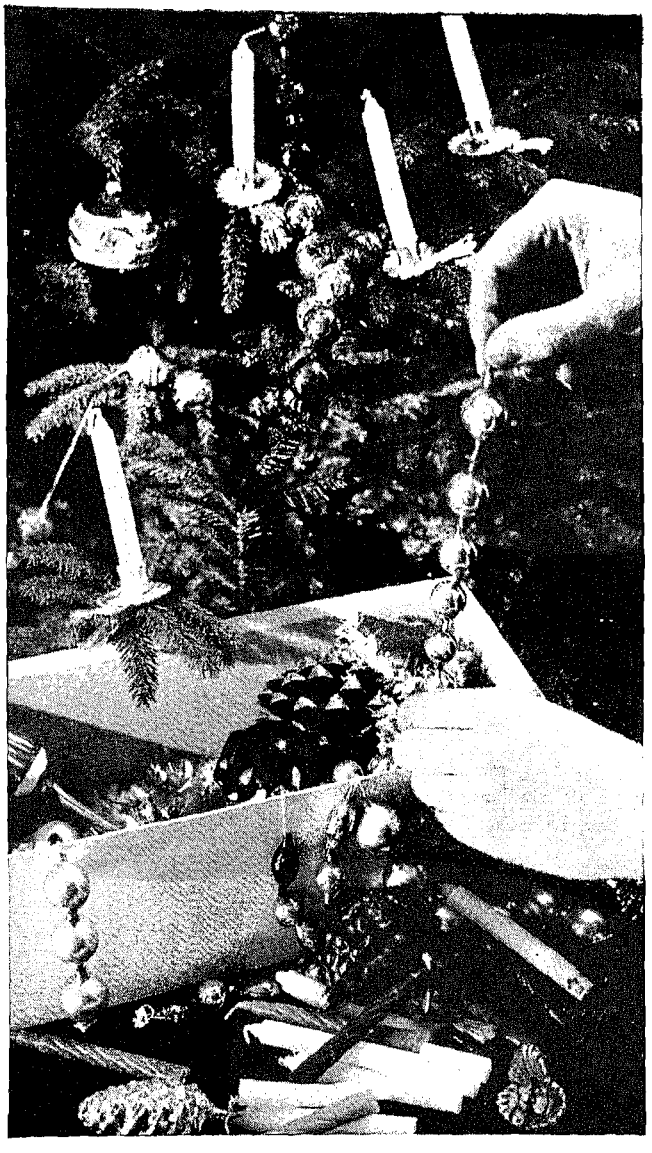
CHRISTMAS SYMBOLS

By Grace Noll Crowell

TINSEL-DUST, and star-shine and moonlight on the snow—
These are things we think of as we remember Him;
Wreaths and scarlet ribbons, a candle's fitful glow—
These are symbols of the One who walked gray roads and dim.

Colorless and rugged, the fields sere and brown,
All the land was darkened on that first Christmas night,
Save one lone star gleaming; but now, in each small town
Casements glow and trees shine, as baubles glitter bright.

Lonely and forsaken, rejected and despised,
Christ, the Man of Sorrows, went on His quiet way.
Does He now, I wonder, turn grave and questioning eyes
Back along the old roads, as we keep holiday?



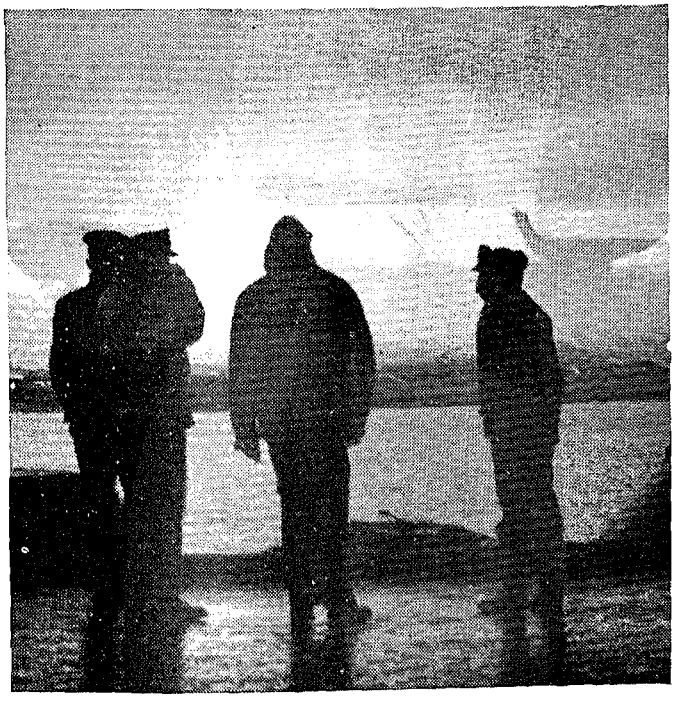
ing Persons Bureau Headquarters was from the lad's parents. It was a sincere and gracious note of appreciation of The Army's good work — something they felt they could never repay.

All the cases the Brigadier handles are not quite as simple as that one. Sometimes it takes years for The Army to "get its man," but it usually comes out on top, and it is because the Missing Person's Bureau has a way of solving its mysteries.

For instance, during the depression years a husband and wife (we'll call them Mary and Joe) were finding it hard to make ends meet, so they decided to separate for a while and try getting jobs in different cities. Somehow or other they lost track of each other but through The War Cry, Mary read about the Bureau, so she wrote the Officer, telling her story and giving all the details about Joe that she knew.

Mary's letter, like the thousands of others the Bureau receives, was sent to Headquarters. The Brigadier examined it; had several copies made of the details given; put a copy in his own huge filing cabinet and sent the others to the many Salvation Army Hostels or centres across Canada. From each of these smaller areas the Salvationists began their diligent search —asking — looking — hunting until finally, several years later Joe was found.

When the couple met some months ago, they hadn't seen each other for fifteen years or more, but to-day — thanks to The Salvation Army, they're happily re-united.



Even in distant Arctic outposts men have been found

Service is the Motive

But Mary and Joe, as well as the sailor just mentioned, happened to be in Canada. But that does not, of course, means that the Bureau confines itself to one country. To men proceeding overseas, anxious to locate relatives and friends in England, the Bureau lends a helping hand. Finding people who have inherited money or land from unexpected sources, leads The Army into the farthest corners of the earth. In fact, missing people have been found from China to the Arctic, from Sweden to California, and the only motive is that of service.

If you are lost, you can't stay lost, the Missing Person's Bureau will find you!

"COME UNTO ME..."





[Gramstorff Bros. [Painting by Plockhorst

The Compassionate Christ

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son . . ."—John 3:16

LOVE FOUND A WAY

God, Through Christ, Reached Down So That He Could Touch the Poor, Despised and Needy

JESUS was born on Christmas Day and was hailed as the Saviour, the Promised Messiah, the Deliverer, the Prince of Peace. But hasn't the true import of this most tremendous of all events sunk into little more than a sacred legend — a pretty bed-time story—to be told to little folk in their nighties by dear old grandmas, the night before Christmas? Yet, it's still a wonderful story, isn't it?

But who bothers these days, at Christmastime, to think a moment of the reason why the Son of God was born in a cave-stable which smelled unwholesomely of cattle and was lighted only by a crude lantern; why He had no attendants other than the Virgin Mother's espoused husband and the spirit-presence of the angel hosts; why the coming of the promised Messiah, to whom all Jewry was looking for deliverance, was made known only to the shepherds of the hills as they watched their flocks by night—not to Israel's over-scrupulous chief priests and other exponents of the law.

Wasn't it God's way of reaching down, down, down, so that He could touch the spurned and despised, the crimson-red sinner — the whosoever? Maybe this is what Jesus wanted to make clear when He said: "For I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

There is so much more in this amazing event of two thousand years ago, don't you think than merely the trimming of trees with colored lights, the painful searching for more or less meaningless gifts; the singing of "Adeste Fideles"; the ringing of bells? Beautiful as all this is, it must not be allowed to overshadow the fact that a Saviour was born—our Saviour—your Saviour and mine. Do we ponder this seriously at Christmastime?



Santa Claus' enthusiastic young assistants

LOVE that could have been born only in Heaven, and of God, came down to us in the person of Jesus. Aye, more than this, much more: it was God Himself who, in an all-out effort of love, determined to win man away from sin, and back to Himself. Isn't this what the manger-birth at Bethlehem was intended by the Father of us all to mean?

"I know not how that Bethlehem's Babe could in the Godhead be; I only know the manger Child has brought God's love to me."

This is my personal testimony—the simple testimony of those of us whose minds cannot hope to delve deeply into the mystery of God's purposes.

Oh, there is so much more to Christmas than we take time away from frivolity to bother about, isn't there?

In His Beneficent Design

Wasn't it just like God, in His love, to plan for our Saviour's coming amid such strange surroundings, so that He could convince the lowliest of the lowly that they are especially included in His beneficent design? He chose the humble shepherds, out on the lonely hills, watching their flocks by night, to be the first to see, in spirit, the Heavenly hosts in all their glory and to hear their "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Arrayed only in raiment of skins, the shepherds were also the first to kneel in adoration before the infant Messiah, while the lowly birthplace of the Saviour of all mankind was ablaze to their spirit eyes with the glory of Heaven and filled with the angel hosts who acclaimed the Messiah's birth.

Can you think of all this only as a happening of twenty centuries ago, that gave us, to this day, merely another annual holiday, with feasting and light-minded frivolity?

IN harmony with God's plan, Jesus, during His short ministry, sought to be the best Friend man ever had. Among a people who were domin-

by HENRY F. MILANS, O.F.



THE NATIVITY, as portrayed in a beautiful stained-glass window

ated by religious aristocrats and zealots for the strict letter of the law, who knew nothing of mercy and less of love, He went about doing good to the despised and the outcast. He taught them of God and of His Kingdom; of forgiveness and eternal life; of mercy and love that knew neither caste nor bounds. He healed their sick, raised their dead and led the sinner to repentance. His cabinet of twelve Apostles were of the lowly people; those upon whose loyalty He depended most were fishermen. His sacrificial death on the Cross set the world on fire for God. It's a world conflagration now that will never be extinguished until all people are redeemed and love reigns supremely in all the earth.

"I know not how that Calvary's Cross a world from sin could free. I only know its matchless love has brought God's love to me." This is God's message in the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem. It will find its fruition in the return of Jesus, when God's promise of peace on earth and a reign of love will be fulfilled.

Even to Human Scrapheaps

I'm so very glad that we of The Salvation Army follow closely in the footsteps of Jesus. During His evangelistic journeying, even the poorest who looked upon Him knew that they looked upon a Friend who wanted only to help them. What a joy it is to feel that wherever this Army of Salvation goes, even to the human scrapheaps the world over, everyone who looks upon a Soldier of its ranks, sees a friend—a friend who wants only to help the vilest sinner find a new life in Christ Jesus. It makes me square my shoulders and praise God that I follow in His train behind the Flag of yellow, red and blue, a symbol of the Master's merciful assurance: "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

* * *

I happen to be in close touch with an important phase of Salvation Army work — the salvation and rehabilitation of outcast men and women. It is and has been for many years my chief aim in life. The peak of joy to me is to receive word that one of my drunkards has given his heart and life to God to be used for His glory in the salvation of other slaves of habit.

Only one with a heart big enough to enfold the worst of sinners could paint a picture of the disappointments and misery and hopelessness that we encounter. It calls out of us a wealth of compassion that is closely akin to that of Christ. But for this compassion we could not carry on. I love the work even though it is heart-breaking.

Our Ample Reward

Like Him, who sought the incurables at the Bethesda Pool, the lepers in the caves, the beggar—blind at the roadside—the Samaritan at the well, the woman taken in sin, we seek the poor and the lowly—and the worst of sinful mankind—to bring them to God. In doing this we win His smile, which is our ample reward.

NOT long ago a man was sent to me by a friend who also is a "messenger for Jesus to the poor sinner's soul." He was an object of loathing from whom clean people drew away. We told him that God sent Jesus to save just such as he. We led him to Jesus in prayer, we washed him, fed him, put clean clothing on him and found work for him. He grew in spiritual wisdom to give God the glory in sincere public testimony of his soul's salvation. He and we were deeply interested in his splendid progress.

Underneath all of this wretchedness we found a well-educated gentleman, somewhat of a linguist — a former bank executive in a great eastern metropolis — with a Christian wife and two beautiful children, who unite with him now in praising God for sending Jesus on Christmas Day to redeem the world from sin.

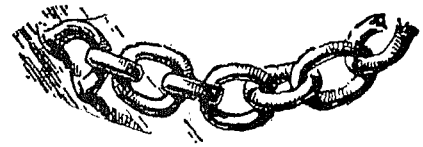
He Lives and Loves

Praise God that we can give the world a message like this in times like these that almost warrant the thought that Satan reigns and God has forgotten us.

But God still lives and loves, this Christmas Day. The birth of Jesus assures us that righteousness, truth, love, justice, will eventually reign over all the earth—and wars will be no more.

IF ever a man had cause to give thanks to God for raising him from the gutter of sin and degradation, it is Henry Fred Milans, author of the accompanying article. A former editor of the New York Sun, this veteran journalist became an habitual drunkard and was given up by physicians of the hospital to which he was sent for treatment. Later he was marvellously converted in one of The Army's "boozers' campaigns," and since has wielded his powerful pen in winning his fellow men for Christ.





BROKEN

Children in The Army's Calcutta Home laughingly gather up their playthings, and (lower) happy "Sunbeams" practise a drill in the courtyard



DO men and women still "leave all" to follow Christ—He who in the days of His flesh trudged dusty roads through burning days to disease-infested villages, where sin's sinister shadows would have enveloped even the Sun of Righteousness, had not His potent rays scattered most fearsome blackness?

The answer is "Yes." The same insistent call of despairing ones echoes in the deep consciousness of consecrated followers—and those who respond find the soul-satisfying truth of the Master's words:

Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake, or the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life.—Mark 10:29, 30.

Twelve years ago Major Eva Crann was called by The Army to work in India. The need was imperative; there were no hours to squander; no time even to visit a small outlying Newfoundland village where lived her mother whom she had not seen for some years. The dedication to God made long before, held good, and with renewed vows she went forth into the unknown.

In Calcutta, The Army's Home for women and children became her responsibility, and there she remained until the children were evacuated a year or so ago by reason of war risks. The Government converted the institution into a social service centre for flood and famine victims, later using it as a hospital, the Major being the only woman on the staff. Her nursing experience was most valued at this time. Only when physical reserves were depleted to the danger point, did she ask to come home until rest could fit her again for India.

Realizing that the most fruitful method of bringing emancipating Christianity to India is through its children, the Major specialized in rescuing tiny mites from degrading and often heart-breaking environments; caring for them and training the quickly-developing youngsters into Christ-loving young people.

In the suitably constructed and pleasant Home, recognized by Government as standard - equipped was accommodation for 125 women and children of whom there were always about forty under ten years of age. They came to the Major and her helpers through the juvenile courts, Children's Aid and other more tragic channels.

So marked was her success that, in 1935, when the work of nurturing rescued children had grown extensively, a new Home was built containing a modern nursery and arrangements for children's well-being. A delightful courtyard, provisioned with swings and other fun-producing, body-building equipment rang to the merry shouts of disciplined but loved little girls who grew up with an astonishing new outlook on life, and a keen realization of what they could do to make others happy. Transcending all other benefits of the Home, the love of Christ had been so demonstrated in the lives of the Officers who had mothered them through growing years, that they, coveting the "new life" sought the Saviour.

To the Major's satisfaction suitable Christian partners were found for the girls, and "Mother" arranged for some happy weddings when it was time for her girls to leave the influences of their youth to establish Christ-honoring homes of their own.

Indicative of the value placed upon the Major's outstanding work in Calcutta, the Indian Government honored her and The Army by awarding her the Kaiserihind Gold Medal for meritorious service.

* * *

SOME of the histories of the rescued children seem almost unbelievable, but they are only too true.

There was Topsy (she just grew). By reason of circumstances of her birth the mother could not keep the child, otherwise she would have suffered ostracism. Praying to her god, the girl covered the child with a mustard-colored preparation which she had been taught would protect from lurking evil spirits; crept out into the tiger-infested jungle, and trusted that the gods would pre-



Two of India's modern maidens wear khaki saris, the uniform of the Women's Auxiliary Corps

CHAINS

PARTICULARS OF THE LABORS OF A NEWFOUNDLAND MISSIONARY OFFICER WHOSE DEVOTED SOCIAL SERVICE ACTIVITIES RECEIVED GOVERNMENT RECOGNITION*

By

Major Lola Dunkley



Surrounded by Indian children in the Home, Major Eva Crann, now on homeland furlough, is shown holding Bonoluta, the "mud" baby. Sudrie stands in front (left centre), and Onria is at the back (left). Each child was rescued from execrable circumstances

serve the wee mite, dear to her distracted mother-heart.

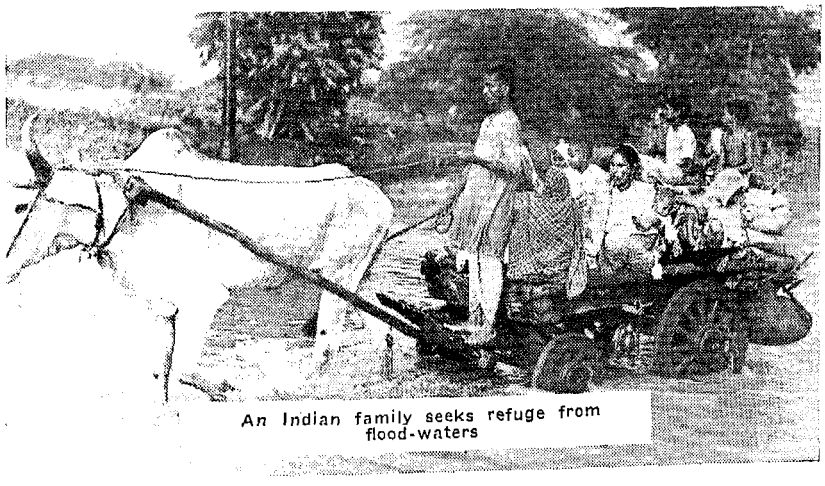
Nothing more is known of the girl, but the child's lusty cries attracted someone who called a policeman. Bewildered, he gave it into the care of an Indian woman who, with very little with which to sustain her own family, went begging for sustenance. Perhaps by design she came to a Salvation Army district Officer's home. Mrs. Major Mujford said she had on money, but like one of old, she had something far better, a heart filled with the wonder-working love of God; so she volunteered to take the baby. For two or three weeks Mrs. Mujford cared for the tiny mite before bringing her to the Children's Home where she knew more scientific nursing could be provided.

With expert care and much love, the child thrived, grew into a bonny girl and is now in an Army Boarding School, a happy, normal student.

* * *

"MY mud baby," the Major calls her, with a certain shining of eyes, and one knows why this devoted Salvationist adopted the Indian name, "Dipti," meaning "Bright Light." The baby was found when a few hours old, in a mud and water pit — discovered by a small boy playing nearby. The Doctor, who was called, sent for the Major. Going to the pit, she found that someone had picked the child out of the slime and had placed her on a huge banana leaf. Taking the whole dirty bundle to the Home, the human part of it was cleansed and dressed. For weeks Major Crann kept the infant in her own room, giving night-and-day attention before she was brought, by long hours of painstaking nursing, to that state enjoyed by most well-cared-for children in our own privileged land.

They named her Bonoluta (literally, "creeping vine"). That is, she came out of the mud to grow into a precious vine in God's garden. The Major says that Bonoluta is now a very bright child evidencing cleverness in her boarding school studies, and she has every confidence that her life will be given to God for service among the Indian people.



An Indian family seeks refuge from flood-waters

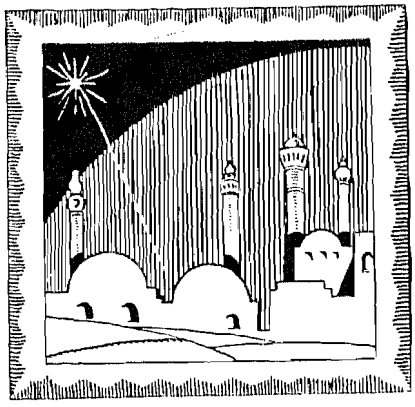
SUDRIE was two years old. Because he happened to be born under an unlucky planet, or so said the heathen priests, the little toddler was chained in the busty (hut). Irons held his thin arms and legs; no food or water were given him nor was any pity when he cried and sobbed. Some four or five days passed before the police heard of it, and brought the boy to the Major. So emaciated was the child that he could not be fed solid food for a whole month. He was taken into the Majors' own room and given nourishment as often as the little body could receive it. Gradually life crept back into the form, and the satisfying result of meticulous care blossomed before the eyes of the delighted staff.

Major Crann keeps a few links of the revolting, diabolic chains which bound fear-shocked Sudrie. They remind her of thousands of little ones, each precious to the Saviour, who are ill-treated and bound by superstition and sin, but who may be released to liberty in Christ.

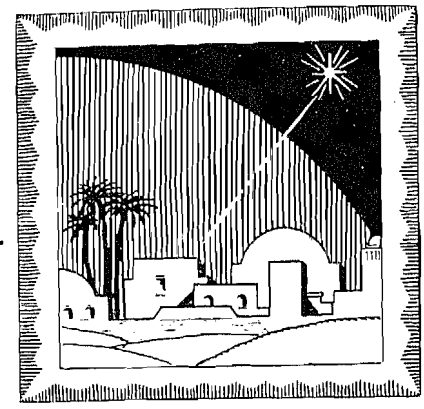
OTHER children, as Onria, were taken from the streets — mere babies begging for food—abandoned by parents to fend for themselves as best they could. Another child was found in a dust bin and had been badly bitten by a dog looking for food. Dolly was found under a railway-carriage seat.

And so the heart-rending stories go on. One wonders what becomes of little ones where there are no great-hearts to do the thousand and one things needed to bring underprivileged children to maturity. No one, seeing the Major's "family," could withhold full support for Missionary work as carried out over the sacrificial years by men and women of God who have left all to follow.

*The Kaiserihind Gold Medal.



Radiant Bethlehem



BY MAJOR JOHN FITTON

A Canadian Missionary Officer in India

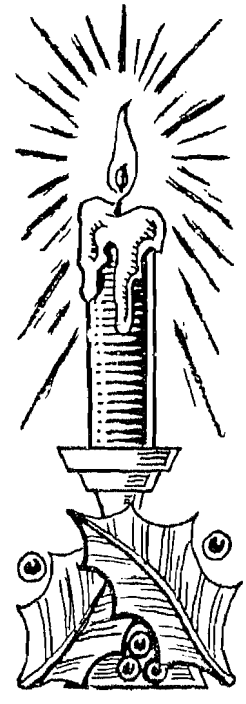
THE Story of Bethlehem is a radiant one! Think of the cold, dark wintry hours of the night, with a few weary travellers still slowly wending their way to the little town, when suddenly the whole sky burst into a blinding glow of light, causing the travellers to halt immediately and turn their eyes downward.

Think of the stillness all around, the hush which lay over the fields. No noise but the echo of the travellers' voices as they gently persuaded their asses to cover the few remaining miles; then suddenly the grand Song of the Angels waking every sleeper in every home.

Think of the fear and awe of the shepherds and other people, as they came together in excited groups wondering what all the unusual phenomena meant — wondering if the end of the world had come. Then reassuringly came the Message of the Angels, "Fear not, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

* * *

'Round the Babe stood humble shepherds, travel-weary Wise Men, villagers from miles away; startled townspeople and curious children; but they all gazed upon a scene of Love and Light; of Peace and Radiance; of Joy and Meekness; their hearts were strangely stirred as they stood as if held by an unseen Force; and as they tried to understand the meaning of this strange Birth they became changed men and women, for they had seen Jesus.



The radiance and joy of Bethlehem are sorely needed to-day. The expression upon many faces reveals the need of that quiet, soul-pervading radiance which lightens daily cares, lifts weary burdens and gives inward assurance. I would advocate to every tired business man, to every care-worn mother and to every harried worker a few minutes' stay within the Bethlehem stable, beside the crude oxen manger, there to gaze upon the innocent Babe and His joyful mother. That quiet meditation in His Presence will make all the difference. Business life will have a different meaning; home-life will be a charm to every member of the family; daily workers in the office and factory will possess a calm assurance, even when there are irritations around.

We all need the radiance of Bethlehem, for it is the radiant spirit of love, joy, peace and eternal assurance. It is the radiance of the glad fulfillment of promises made to generations in their gropings after Peace and Goodwill. With God's radiance in our hearts we shall be transformed, and renewed in our minds.

Let us all take a trip to Bethlehem once again!

The Messenger

HOW beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth Good Tidings, that publisheth Peace; that bringeth Good Tidings of Good, that publisheth Salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!—Isaiah 52:7.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

(Continued from page 11)

noon train for S—. That would get him to the farm about suppertime.

Perhaps he'd even stay there, if they'd have him. Uncle Dave wasn't as spry as he used to be.

A holiday period—with full pay—had been announced at the works, which would take care of his job till he decided.

Taxi-ing home, with the back seat full of parcels, Bill had found a letter awaiting him. From Bessie! His heart quickened!

"Bill! I got *saved* at a Salvation Army meeting, and all my cares and fears are gone! I just want us to be together again, and fight our battles with God's help. Shall we, Bill, dearest? The children are wild with delight over a Christmas program they're going to (at The Army); but they miss you sorely (as I do)!

"Uncle Dave says why not come to the farm? He could do with a bit of help; and the children just love it here. Let me know right away, Bill. The children send big hugs and kisses to Daddy.

"Your loving wife,

"Bessie."

Once more Bill Henderson found himself on his knees. This time, no words would come, but his heart sang paeans of praise!

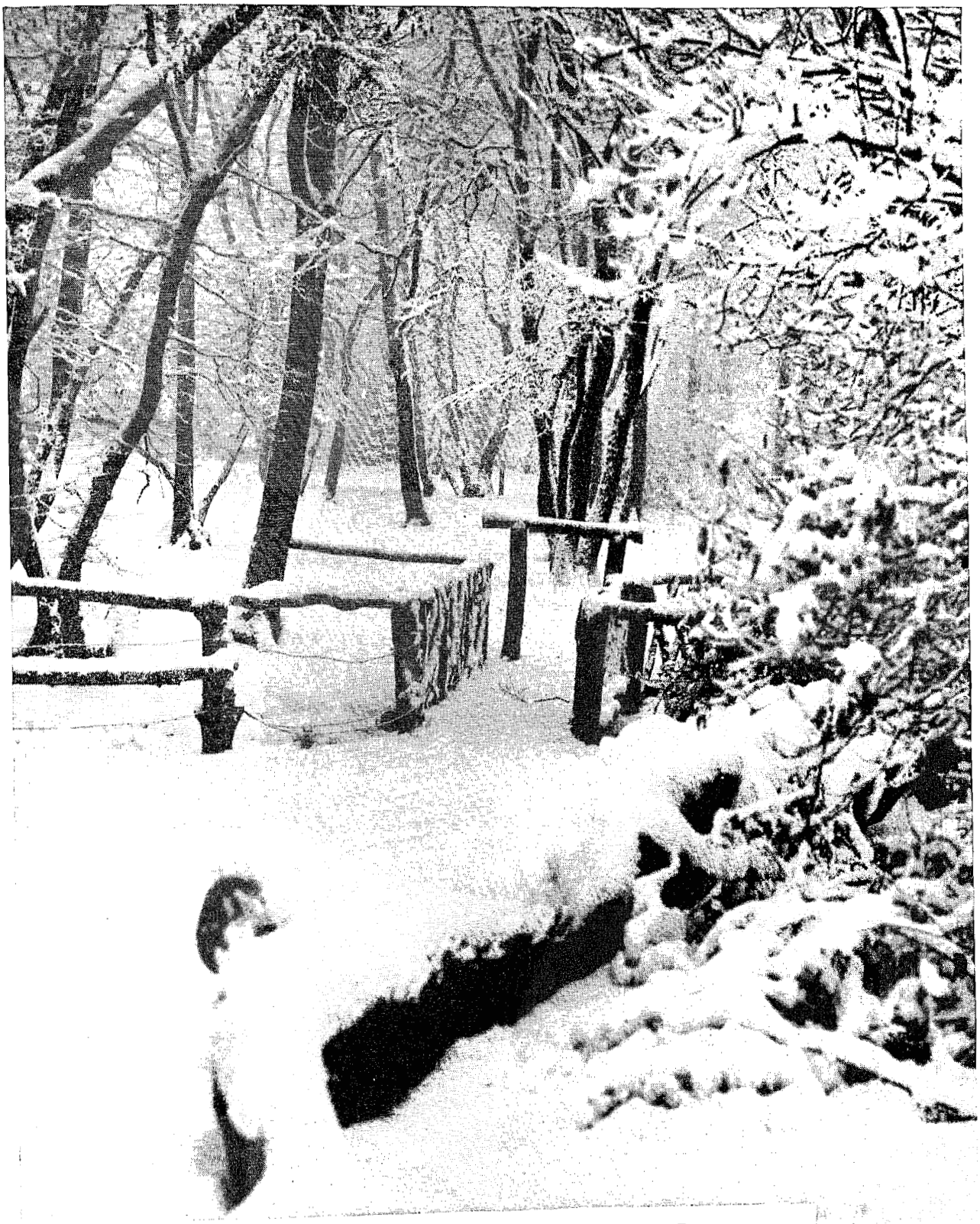
AN OLD PRAYER

LORD, make me an instrument of Thy peace;
Where there is hate that I may bring love:
Where there is discord that I may bring union:
Where there is error that I may bring truth:
Where there is doubt that I may bring faith:
Where there is despair that I may bring hope:
Where there is darkness that I may bring light:

O MASTER, make me
Not so much to be consoled as to console:
Not so much to be loved as to love:
Not so much to be understood as to understand:

For it is in giving that one receives:
It is in self-forgetfulness that one finds:
It is in pardoning that one is pardoned:
It is in dying that one finds eternal life.

Found in a Devonshire church.



God's Winter Artistry

Shrubs and trees, common fences and even bare posts, are all transformed into a scene of exquisite beauty

A VARIETY PAGE FOR

YOUNG FOLKS



"Ah, how thoughtful of the folks to leave a cosy fire burning!"

A Parable of Life

BE JUST YOURSELF

HAVE you heard of the king who went into his garden one morning, and found everything withering and dying? He asked an oak that stood near what the trouble was. He found that it was tired of life and determined to die, because it was not tall and beautiful like the pine. The pine was out of heart because it could not bear grapes like the vine. The vine was going to throw its life away because it could not stand erect like the poplar; and so on throughout the garden. Coming to a tiny heart's-ease, he found its bright face uplifted, as full of cheerfulness as ever.

One Brave Little Flower

Said the king, "Well, Heart's-ease, I am glad to find one brave little flower in this general discouragement and despair. You don't seem one bit disheartoned?" "No, your Majesty," the flower replied. "I know I am of small account; but I concluded you wanted a heart's-ease when you planted me. If you had wanted an oak, or a pine, or a vine, you would have set one out; so I am bound to be the best heart's-ease that ever I can be."

Wise, indeed, was the heart's-ease. Let us be JUST OURSELVES. Too many people try to imitate others. If David had worn Saul's armor, Goliath would never have been defeated.

S-P-A-R-K-L-E-T-S

STEEP hills require a stout heart.

* * *

No life is a failure which brightens, however faintly, the lives of others.

* * *

Abraham Lincoln, when a boy, once said: "I may never be the President of the United States, but, if the day ever comes, I'll be ready for it."

* * *

Seek God's will, and cheerfully do it!
Turn aside, and you will surely rue it!

* * *

If you cannot do a great thing, do a small thing in a great way.

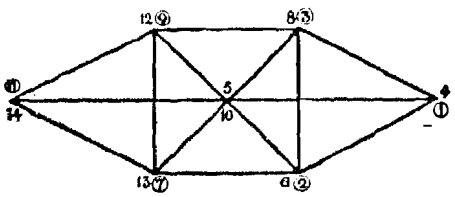
* * *

A gentleman is one who keeps his promises to those who cannot enforce them.

* * *

If your ears would keep from jeers,
Five things keep closely hid:
"Myself" and "I" and "mine" and "my"
And what "I said and did."

Puzzle Corner



DRAW THIS IN ONE LINE

CAN you draw this in one unbroken line without lifting your pencil from the paper?

It is possible by following the numbers shown. Draw it again without the numbers, and ask your friends to find the solution.

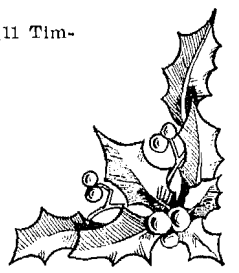
: A Prayer :

GIVE happiness, O Lord to our home, that it may be the dwelling place of peace.

Fill my heart with grateful love for those who have guarded and sheltered me through years of care and trouble. Make me worthy of the love of those who think and labor that life may be pleasant and beautiful for me in years to come.

Do You Know Where To Find These?

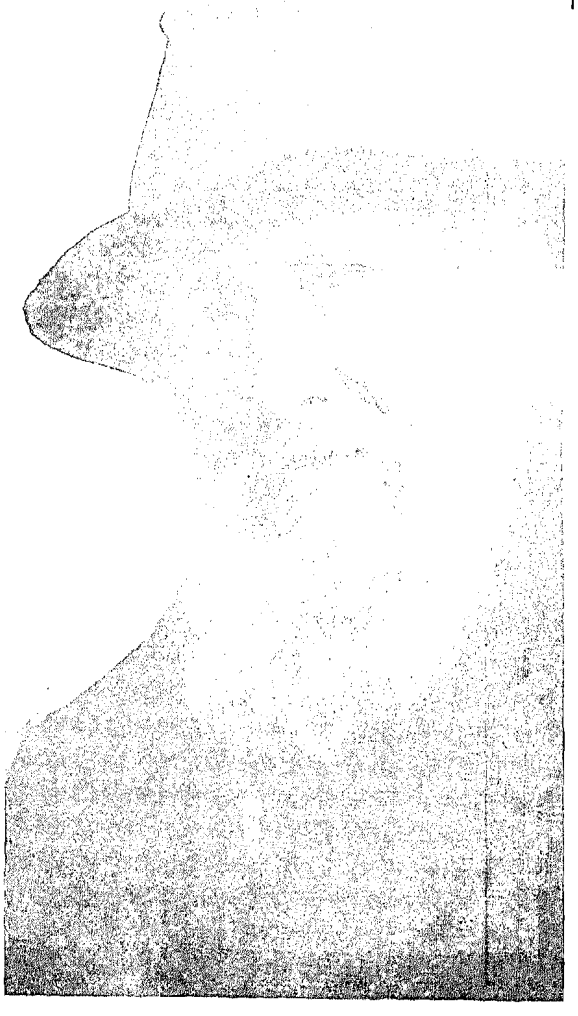
The Lord's Prayer. (Matthew 6.)
The Ten Commandments. (Exodus 20.)
The Beatitudes. (Matthew 5.)
Paul's Conversion. (Acts 9.)
Christ's Great Prayer. (John 17.)
The Prodigal Son. (Luke 15.)
The Ten Virgins. (Matthew 25.)
Parable of the Talents. (Matthew 25.)
Abiding Chapter. (John 15.)
Resurrection Chapter. (1 Cor. 15.)
Shepherd Chapter. (John 10.)
Love Chapter. (1 Cor. 13.)
Tongue Chapter. (James 3.)
Armor Chapter. (Ephesians 6.)
Travellers' Psalm. (Psalm 121.)
Bible-study Psalm. (Psalm 119.)
"Whosoever" Verse. (John 3:16.)
Great Invitation (Rev. 22:17; Isaiah 55:1.)
"Come Unto Me" (Matthew 11.28.)
Consecration Verse (Romans 12:1.)
Workers' Verse (II Timothy 2:15.)
For Soul-winners (Daniel 12:3.)
The Great Commission (Mark 16:15.)
Christ's Last Command (Acts 1:8.)



When Winter Comes . . .

Independent, too Proud to Ask for Help, and a Wee Bit Suspicious, Old John, nevertheless, Capitulated to the Geniality of Captain Jones

By Walter Carl



JOHN KENNEDY *was* old, even though he wasn't old enough to receive old age assistance from the government. He could feel it in his bones; he was tired and discouraged and his eyesight was failing rapidly.

He had his memories of course. . . . Memories of a time when he had been young and prosperous and full of the joy of living. But a man couldn't live on memories . . . memories and a few dollars a month. Five dollars wouldn't buy much these days, and that was all he was entitled to according to the Government Pension Bureau. He had his one-room shack, and a stove of a sort. The chimney was continually falling down, spraying the room with soot, and the grate of the fire-box was worn through so that the live coals sometimes fell into the ashes, but it kept him warm after a fashion. His clothes were just about gone, though. . . . And winter was coming on.

At first John refused to worry too much about it. Certainly there were enough kindhearted people in this world who could afford to provide for a few wants of an old man.

Then he remembered Hank Stover's widow. . . . He remembered meeting her on the street last winter. In her whiny voice, she had told him about her pathetic condition, about her visit to The Salvation Army for food and clothing. . . . Captain Jones had told her, she said, after an investigation of her case, that he was very sorry that he could do nothing for her. . . . John remembered how he had thought to himself that there should be someone to look after her, even though she was sharp-tongued now and then. The thought of her plight wasn't very encouraging.



He was too proud to ask for help anyway. And perhaps he could find odd jobs occasionally. . . . Perhaps. . . .

One month of winter weather dragged by, while John sat by his worn-out stove, watching the supply of wood being eaten up, and wondering how many more days his cornmeal and bacon grease would hold out. . . .

He was sitting there one rainy afternoon, watching the small puddle of water that collected on the floor from the leaky roof when he heard a knock at the door. At first he thought it was only the wind; no one had been in to see him for so long. He pulled himself out of the rocker to admit a smiling man in blue uniform.

"I'm Captain Jones of The Salvation Army, Mr. Kennedy. Do you mind if I come in and talk for a while."

John had stiffened immediately. He knew all about people like him. Hadn't they neglected Mrs. Stover, let her almost starve one winter? If The Army expected him to ask for help, they had another think coming. . . .

Beginning to Unbend

Soon, however, despite himself, he found himself talking to his visitor, and enjoying it. John was beginning to unbend a little. After all, the man wasn't asking him personal questions in a patronizing way, or saying any of the things he supposed representatives of charitable organizations usually did. He was telling John about the work The Army did, and asking John's opinion on a few things. Made him feel right important.

Before he knew it, John was telling the Captain all about his situation, and how he certainly would like to get work of some kind, but that his eyesight was such a handicap to him. . . . Didn't know how he could get along much longer if he didn't though. . . . And that stove, he certainly would like to get it fixed. And then he was asking Captain Jones to come back again real soon to see him, because he certainly had enjoyed their talk together. . . .

The next day things started happening. A car drove up with a supply of groceries, explaining that they were from The Army. Then a box of clothes were delivered, an overcoat, shirts, even a hat that looked pretty well, John thought.

Afternoon brought the biggest surprise of all. . . . Captain Jones came to bring the stove. . . . Not a new stove, of course. But a shiny one with a good grate in it, and a fender on it just about the right height for him to put his feet on.

After it was set up, and a good fire roaring, John made coffee, and the two of them sat down in the two rickety rocking chairs in front of the stove.

"Captain Jones," John said after a while, "I'm going to confess something to you. Not two days ago I sat right here in this very room, thinkin' the unkindest thoughts about you a man could ever think. I was feelin' mighty sorry for myself, I guess. And feelin' too proud to ask for any help, especially from you. You see, I remembered what Hank Stover's widow told me about you refusin' to see her through the winter. Yet I couldn't stop believin' there were still some folks in this world who'd like to help other folks out when they're down."

Captain Jones shook his head slowly and smiled, "Why, didn't you hear about Mrs. Stover? We investigated her case and found that she had plenty of money in a savings account to take care of her for a good many winters to come. When that's all gone, we'll be on the job. But that will be some time in the far distant future. As for you, John, and what you say about believing, go on believing just that. . . . There are still a *lot* of folks in this world, as you say, who like the chance to help other folks when they're down."

THE ARMY FOUNDER'S CHRISTMAS DREAM

the joy and hope of their mothers' hearts, but who now, alas! are bereft alike of virtue and of shame. I saw them with their mouths full of ribaldry, dead to all womanly feeling, revelling in the ruin that they spread as they rush recklessly down the steep incline to rottenness, death, and endless woe."

Again the young man started and was about to speak; but the stranger waved his hand and went on; and, awed by his manner, his listening host sat down again.

"I am always busy with the miseries and evil doings of men. I am a regular visitor of the prisons. Do you ever look inside those dwellings of despair?

"All day and all night I gaze on the maddened crowds, absorbed in the frenzied search for gold, fame, and pleasure. I mingle among them on the Exchange, in the market, on the race-course, in the theatre, in public, in private, on land and on sea.

"All day and all night I see the melancholy procession of human souls, as it marches on, on, on, down the broad road which leads to destruction, reckless of my Father's honor, or of their own interests, here or hereafter; on, on they go, direct to misery and death.

"'Yes, I see them while I speak.



Gifts for settlers in the Northland

(Continued from page 7)

Can you not see them also?" And raising himself up and taking a step forward, he gazed with a far-away look towards the window. "Can you not hear them?" he inquired again. "Tramp, tramp, on they go, to the grave, and to destruction. Oh, the gates of Hell are scarcely wide enough for their reception!"

To the Very End

A GREAT meeting was held in the Royal Albert Hall, London, when at the conclusion of a stirring address the Founder said, "Now I'm going into dock for repairs." Those who were privileged to be present will never forget his concluding words:

"While women weep as they do now, I'll fight!

While little children go hungry, as they do now, I'll fight!

While men go to prison, in and out, in and out, I'll fight!

While there is a drunkard left, while there is a poor girl lost upon the streets, while there remains one dark soul without the light of God, I'll fight! I'll fight to the very end!"

HERE the young man again interposed. This time it was a piercing cry, that quite startled me. "Oh, awful, awful!" he exclaimed. "And yet, I know it all—have known it long. Oh, say no more! I cannot bear it. O my God, where are the bishops, and the clergy, and the ministers, and the priests, and the Salvationists? Where are they? What are they all doing? Can I do anything? How different life looks to me, after what you have said, to what it did an hour ago! What can I do? I will pray — I will give — I will write — I will talk to my friends! I will!"

A LONG, I might say a painful, pause followed. The fire burned lower. The weary traveller's voice was silent, when, strange to say—although everybody knows what strange things do happen in dreams — the young man seemed to fade away from sight, and I found myself in his place. But what was stranger still, I seemed to have been in his place all the time!

Now I thought it was I who was the owner of the mansion. It was I who sat by the fireplace gazing on the stranger. It was my heart that had been pierced and torn by the words which he had spoken.

Though it was growing late, the visitor made no sign of retiring, and I wondered why. It would have been an unspeakable relief to me to have been left alone. I wanted time to consider. I felt I must do something. But what must it be?

I looked at my watch and, thinking I saw the stranger shiver, I stirred up the fire, on which the flames blazed out, the light falling with full glow upon his face. And what a face was then revealed to me! It fairly startled me again, it seemed so familiar!

I WAITED. The stranger spoke again; "Can you not hear the wailing of the poor doomed children?" said he; "doomed, not by God, but by selfish, thoughtless man. Can you not hear their sobs and cries, as their little feet are unwittingly turned into the thorny road of evil? Can you not hear the the groans of the wounded and the clanking of the chains of the slaves; dying on the battlefields?

"Can you not hear the curses and blasphemies which, like an infernal chorus, go up to Heaven from these blasted hearts and lives?

"Can you not hear the despairing cries of men and women perishing in their sins? Can you not hear?" As he spoke, he raised himself up with the anguish that evidently filled his heart. "Can you not hear the sounds of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, of the men and women who have gone down to Hell, because no man cared for their souls?"

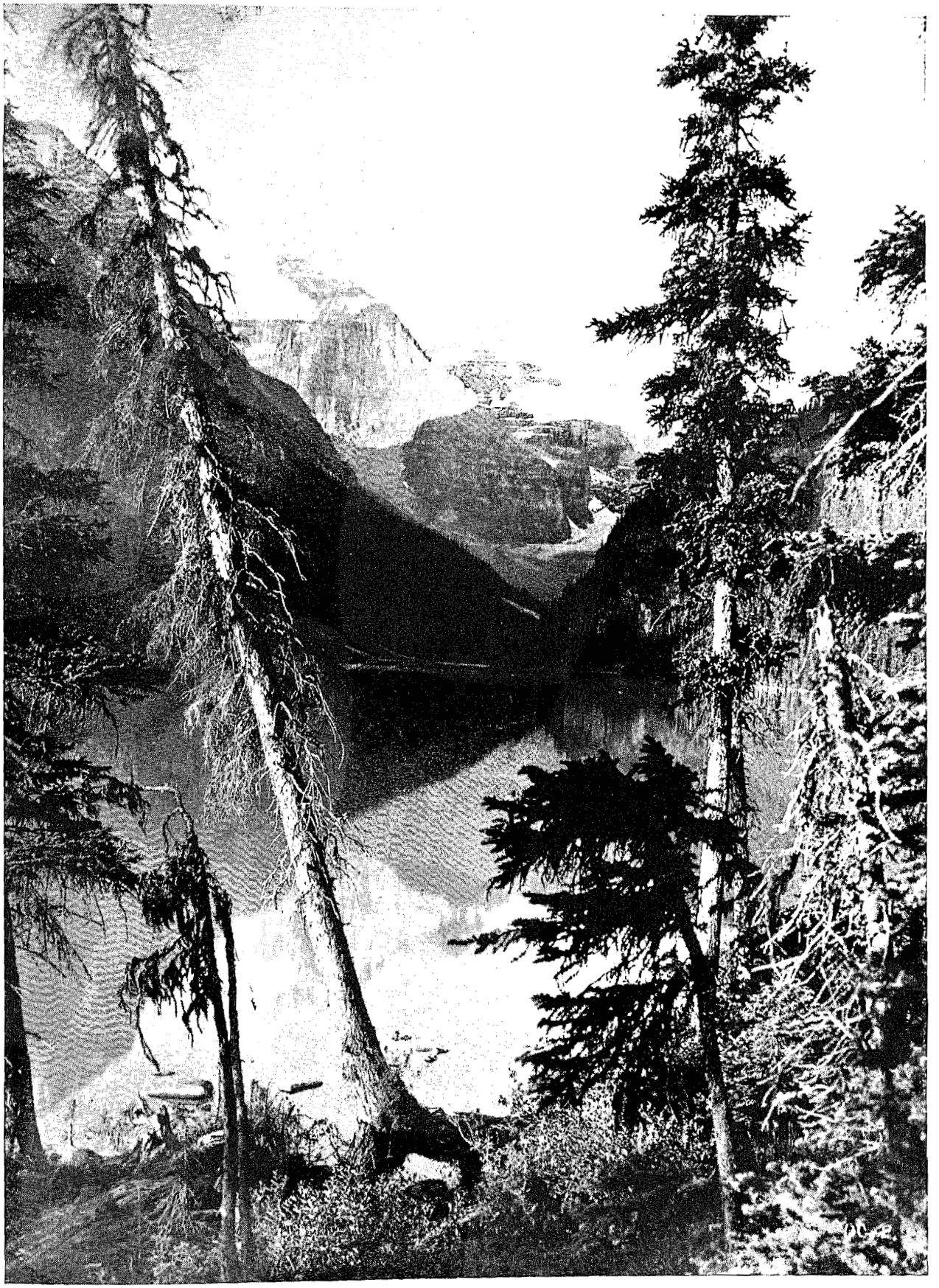
As he pronounced the word, "Hell," a shudder went through me, and I cried out in bitterness: "Something must be done; someone must go. Someone must go!"

The stranger rose, crossed over the crimson carpet to the spot on which I stood, and fixed his eyes full on me. Beneath that gaze I trembled. Then, in louder tones than heretofore, he spoke again. This time he only uttered two words, but they went to my inmost soul: "GO YOURSELF!"

"Go, myself?" I said in astonishment. "How could I go? And whatever use should I be if I went?

"Me go? Impossible!" I inwardly gasped. It was only the whisper of my heart; but the stranger seemed to hear my thoughts, for, soft and

(Continued on page 30)



"PEACE"—A Glimpse of Lake Louise, a charming spot in Banff National Park, Alberta

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE JESUS A CHANCE?

(Continued from page 5)

need for God to punish their enemies.

SO they fell into the old error—the ever-new error of mistaking their need and the remedy. Had Jesus called them to an earthly standard, and had surrounding nations been induced to unite with them in the overthrow of the invader, their vital problem would still have remained unsolved.

And their problem is every nation's problem. The birth of a Jewish babe in any city at any time would not have had more than passing significance for any but the Jews themselves. But the coming into the world of the Babe of Bethlehem, given "to all people," in strict conformity with prophecies contained in scriptures, was an event of supreme importance for them and for to-day—for them and for us.

HOW unerringly history repeats itself! The great word for this Christmas Day is that of nineteen hundred years ago. "They shall call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

There is no word that could be uttered to any nation to-day as important as that, for it meets the fundamental need of mankind, and furnishes the basic remedy for every ill. But are we *not failing to recognize* the need? Are we not in danger of being obsessed by mistaken opinions of how the need can be met?

In our nominally Christian realm, men making no profession of religion are ready to pay honor to Christianity, as they would to some human philosophy. But that is as far as they go. For Salvation they look to security, freedoms, mutual understanding, international pacts, control of power. But by none of these can Salvation come, for none of them deal with the real need, which is Salvation from individual sins in the individual heart.

Much of the talk to-day about Christianity, and especially in endeavors to influence youth, emphasizes the challenge of Christ's noble ideals for life—purity, sacrifice, service for others, and much else. In this there is the danger of regarding Jesus as example and teacher merely, and not as Redeemer—as Saviour from sin. Unless by our turning from sin we permit Him to deliver us, we shall not be able to follow Him as Leader.

"WHY don't you give Jesus a chance?" said a Salvation Army Officer, almost in despair, to a dissolute outcast of an American city. Imprisonment, good resolutions, specifics of one kind and another, had done little towards overcoming the enemies that held him in bondage. *But that day he, in despair* of himself, "gave Jesus a chance"! The result? A miracle! Self-mastery, inward peace, prosperity, joy!

Millions of men are sacrificing unto death as I write, within their hearts the grim words, "The job *must be* finished this time!" For that end they are willing. It seems cruelly thoughtless to remind them that we heard precisely the same cry, and saw just the same heroic rallying to the call only a quarter of a century ago. It proved a vain hope. And why? Is it not because "The god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, Who is the image of God, should shine unto them." *We must face up to these unpleasant facts of continuing disappointment along the road of history, not in order that we might become pessimists, nor even stoics, "taking it" without grumbling, but that we might be as voices declaring the unchanging truth. And first declaring it to ourselves.*

There will be no mass Salvation. None of us will wake up one glad day to hear in our street joyous songs raised by all our neighbors, suddenly brought into peace and righteousness through Jesus Christ. If we are expecting that kind of *thing "just round the corner"* we shall die in disappointment.

The Kingdom of Christ will come "here a little, there a little." It is coming in that way. It came that way when you stepped into the light. It will come when some one else you are influencing steps in. That is "giving Jesus a chance."

THIS conviction is being forced upon many who have hitherto never faced up to it. In Britain, as I write, one of the great topics is religious teaching in the schools, concerning which one authority states "Christianity lost its dynamic force as soon as it was made the official religion of the Roman Empire, and every one hastened to call himself a Christian. To-day Christians are coming to the conclusion that Christianity will only become a really dynamic force for the regeneration of society when the Church is once again an exclusive body of believing people . . . sworn followers *of Jesus Christ.* By *that word* "exclusive" is meant that those who are not individually "sworn" followers are kept out by their unwillingness to take the step. And men and women are only sworn-in, one by one, for any cause.

THE MOTIVE POWER

"THE religious enthusiasm of The Salvation Army gives it one of the greatest qualifications for success."

Sir William Beveridge.

WHEN General Montgomery sent his message to young Salvationists at a recent rally in London, "May God guide us in our task of shaping a new world," he spoke as the man who believes in individuals, knowing that the morale of any army is dependent in large measure upon the mood of the man, not the men in the mass. His first task when he took over in Africa was the restoration to the individual man of belief in victory. Our first task as followers of Jesus is to secure from Him our own belief in His ultimate victory. And He will triumph! Hallelujah!

In a recently issued sketch of the late Major John Murfitt is given a clear picture of one of the most winsome of The Army's host of Corps Officers. We read—"In all his Corps work, Murfitt felt that he, as the Officer, must be at the centre of the effort to win men for the Saviour." He said to young Officers, "I plead for my poor sinful fellows—fellows who are like I was. They will stand round the open-air meeting. Make them believe you want their souls to be saved. If you are a good and pitiful man they will wish they were like you. Then tell them of Jesus and how He saved you, and most likely you will win them."

That is the only way for us to play our part in the world-staggering events that swiftly move around us. For President and Prime Minister, Supreme Commander, Director and Expert, each his own separate task. For the little unknown man in the back street—his task to be done with equal zeal.

BUT what of the man who has not yet "given Jesus a chance?" He will be glancing at these lines, John Murfitt, to whom I have just referred, began to find the way to Christ when a fellow worker, hundreds of feet deep in an English coalmine, gave his father a copy of The War Cry. The giver had bought it in a public-house in the hope of pacifying his wife after he had spent half his wages on beer. She retorted by wrapping her husband's dinner in the paper on Monday. He handed the paper to Murfitt's father who took it home, and John's interest was aroused.

That is the way The War Cry helped to gain a hearing for the Christian truth. No matter how you have come by the paper you are

(Continued on page 29)

The Christmas Spirit

By THE CHIEF SECRETARY, COLONEL G. W. PEACOCK

CHRISTMAS is always associated with gladness, and it is right that it should be so. In childhood the day was the evergreen spot of the year; Santa Claus was the friend of all, and no one could come in contact with this happy old fellow without at least feeling brighter for it.

Let us reflect. What has made Christmas the happiest event of all the year? Well, if we turn to the Book of Gladness—the New Testament—it opens with a song of rejoicing at the birth of a Babe, about whom the heavenly host sang, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The announcement of the Angel was, "Behold, I bring you GOOD TIDINGS of GREAT JOY." Surely Christmas should be a joyous season, and where Christ is acknowledged and worshipped there is true joy. Christmas is the sweetest festival of all the year. Its associations are so tender and winsomely beautiful. It speaks of Reunion and Pardon: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." It breathes of fellowship and companionship and above all a sense of the nearness of God.

Our first thoughts of the coming Christmas season should be of Jesus who came to save us, and how best we can serve Him. Let us think of the little children who are neglected and uncared for. Let us think of the wandering ones who will have no festivities to brighten the holiday season. In the spirit of Jesus, and in emulation of His example, let us try to help some little child or endeavor to bring cheer to lonely ones in the hospitals or other institutions.

If the Festive Season is to be a really happy occasion, without gloom and sadness, there must be no selfishness and hate; we must think of others. This is the spirit that characterized the life of Jesus all through, and in no way can Christmas become so enjoyable to each of us as when spent in an endeavor to think of and provide for others.

Christmas gladness does not, of course, consist of wasteful and extravagant display. There is a danger of some spending their means, limited though they be, on non-essentials that soon disappear.

Perhaps one of the most pleasant things about Christmas is that our thoughts turn to absent friends, we send them, if possible, some small token of remembrance. It is a happy idea provided it is done, not from any sense of duty or custom, but for love.

In a special sense Christmastide is a season for kindness and thoughtfulness. The first and highest thought in our minds will be of Him whose birth we celebrate. But it should not be merely a gift-giving or gift-receiving occasion. It has a great spiritual significance, namely: the coming to earth of Christ, the world's Redeemer. Jesus Himself was a gift—God's most precious gift, for "God SO loved the world that He GAVE His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." He was a Gift, and He Himself was ever on the giving hand. He gave of His best. Let us resolve that this Christmas will stand out in our memory as the time when we thought of others; that we found "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

We will do well to cultivate more earnestly the spirit of giving. It is not to those who have abundance, and who exchange gifts with us, that we render our best Christmas ministry, but to those who receive but few kindnesses and whose lives need brightening. Let us:

Hunt out the little lame girl,
The poor boy who is blind;
Hunt out the weary widow
Who thinks the world unkind;
Go down among the victims
Of chance and greed and crime,
And cause them to remember
That this is Christmas-time.

There should also be more sympathy. This is one gift all can bestow. This grace has been referred to by one writer as a human-Divine gift. Let it be poured out lavishly, freely as precious treasure upon all. Like the widow's cruse of oil, it will increase in its outpouring. Let it flow out in the form of kindly deeds, gentle words and thoughtful services. In this connection think not so much of Christ as the Babe of Bethlehem but as the Man of Galilee, of whom it was said, "He went about doing good." Earth is sad enough, but oh, what a gloomy place it would be without the happiness brought as a result of His coming.

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE JESUS A CHANCE?

(Continued from page 28)

reading, or where you are reading it, let me ask that you will read on for a few lines.

Let me explain, for instance, that I want to see human progress—away from injustice and hunger and cruelty and under-privilege, and toward freedom, education and culture. The Spirit of Christ has provided the greatest incentive towards these ends as any student of history knows.

But we want men to get things in focus. It is no use being like the Jews at the time of Christ and crucifying the Saviour because we don't know what is wrong, or what we need to be saved from. It is no use expecting that any of the goals before mankind will be reached *without our getting the cause of the failure put right.* It is no use crying for the moon when what we really need is a heart that has found liberation from inward bondage.

We must see ourselves as creatures of His hand and give homage to Him and seek to obey His laws.

We must learn to admit such unpleasant truths as this which I find in a review of current affairs—"The history of our diplomacy during the last twenty years shows that what at the time appears morally wrong does, in the long run, prove to have been diplomatically inexpedient."

That is an acknowledgment of a moral order governing the universe and which must govern individual lives. And how? One of the prophecies concerning Jesus provides an answer—"The government shall be upon His shoulder." It is by allowing Jesus, Saviour of the world, to direct how we shall live, that we come into the abundant life we seek. He is the image of God, or, to quote a modern version, "The likeness of God."

By prayer, by frank facing of our own inner condition, by asking God, through Christ, to come to us and forgive our wrongs, we "give Jesus a chance" and life is made anew for us. *Will you do this TO-DAY?*



Even wartime activities cannot dampen the Christmas spirit

A BABE IS BORN!

(Continued from page 3)

ALL who truly love Him naturally lay great emphasis upon the miracles, the teaching, the preaching, the glorious example of Jesus; and often contemplate the dark hours of Gethsemane, the mock trials, the ignominy of the Crucifixion and the glory of the Resurrection. And yet these are but links in a wonderful chain in the earthly life of our Master, the first link being the birth in the manger of the stable at Bethlehem. That is why the season is still one of gift-making; why the church bells ring out their joyous chimes; why worshippers gather by the thousands in God's house to worship the Baby in spirit; why the streets and houses are filled with glad Christmas music and song, and Christendom bows humbly before the Manger singing:

"Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King."

HOW truly has one written: "As the dawn is ushered in by the notes of birds, so the rising of the Sun of Righteousness was heralded by song. Mary and Zacharias brought their praises and welcome to the unborn Christ. The angels hovered with Heavenly music over the cradle. The human members of this choir may be regarded as the last of the Psalmists and Prophets and the first of Christian singers." What was that glad song of Zacharias the Priest? Here it is: "*The Day-spring from on High hath visited us: to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.*"

Was ever Christ needed more than He is to-day? In the heart; in the home; in the national life; in the international life. Surely there are countless thousands now "that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death," and the nations all need Him to guide their feet "into the way of peace."

And combined with our praises to One whose name is called Jesus because "He shall save His people from their sins," let us continue to offer our prayers for an early and righteous and long-lasting peace. The spectacle of great nations at prayer has been one of the bright spots in a drab picture, and continued prayer for guidance to-day and to-morrow and all the morrows is one of the means of bringing about the burning desire of many: the realization of our dreams of a better and brighter and happier world.



WHEN JACK'S ASHORE.—Bluejackets help to brighten the lives of refugee children

The Army Founder's Christmas Dream

(Continued from page 26)

low, he answered back, "All things are possible."

However, I went on, as though he had not spoken, saying to myself, "What, leave my father and mother?" And I thought of their gray hairs, of all their love, and my obligations to them. Impossible!"

And again the stranger whispered, "All things are possible."

"What! Leave my home, with its comforts and associations? Impossible!"

And the stranger whispered, "All things are possible."

Then my feelings got the better of me, and I said aloud, "It cannot be. No one has ever expected to leave so much, and go down so low—even for so great an object."

WHILE I waited another change came over my vision. The luxurious apartment suddenly assumed the appearance of a stable. There were cattle; there were rough servants; there were weary peasants preparing to pass the night upon the straw; and there was a manger, and in the manger was a lovely Babe. So fascinating was it that it fairly captivated me, and made me forget the stable and its tenants and all else besides.

As I gazed upon the Babe, I could not help fancying that I saw something in the features with which I was familiar. But while I wondered, the scene changed once more, and the stable was gone, and the mansion had come back. Once more I was in the drawing-room, again the visitor was sitting in his chair, with his face turned fully upon me, as though still waiting for my answer; and as I looked at him more closely, to my amazement I beheld in him the features of the Heavenly Child.

Now I saw it all. How blind I must have been not to have seen it before! My Lord had come Himself to invite me to follow Him. Then my heart broke and, falling at His feet, and bathing them with my tears, I cried out:

"My Lord and my God, I will love Thee; I will worship Thee. But ask me not to go on such an errand. What could I do for the heathen, the slums, the criminals, the drunkards, the ignorant, or the mocking crowds? It might mean to me not only poverty, sorrow, suffering, but death itself."

Then suddenly the gloomy room was flooded with light, and the Stranger again rose up and stepped forward. And as He did so, the robe fell from His shoulders, and the covering from His head, and for the first time I had a full view of His figure.

His countenance was beautiful beyond description. His forehead was torn as though with thorns. His hands and feet were stained with blood. His side still showed the murderous gash through which the Roman soldier's spear reached His blessed heart.

For a moment we looked into each other's eyes, and then He opened wide His arms as though to welcome me; and, as He stood there with hands outstretched, it seemed as though I could see Him actually suffering, praying, and dying for me on the accursed tree.

Then once more I fell before Him—this time stammering out with broken speech, "O Lord Jesus, forgive the thoughtless withholding of myself in the past. Thou didst go to the lowest depths for me. There shall be no more wretched excuses. Here I am; send me where Thou wilt. LET ME GO!"

The Ever-Present Saviour

CHRIST be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me;
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger!

SALUTE the HAPPY MORN

WITH THESE YULETIDE CAROLS



Youthful choristers in traditional costume awaken the echoes on Christmas morning

HE COMES TO SAVE

Tune: "Ellers"

Hark to the song the angel choir sing,
Christ, Christ is born! this is the news they bring.
See, see! He comes to seek and save the lost,
To save and redeem the world His Blood it cost.

Great was His love for Adam's fallen race,
Great was His love and wondrous was His grace;
Swift were the wings that brought Him from above,
His eyes full of pity and His heart of love.

Commissioner John Lawley (the Founder's armor-bearer).

BELLS ARE RINGING

Tune: "Rachie"

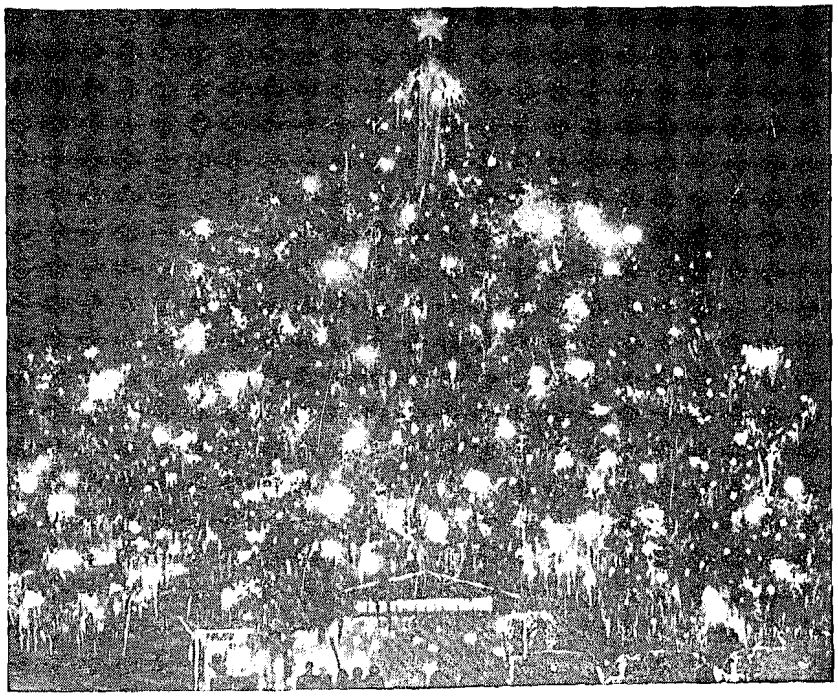
Hark! the sound of singing, floating on the air;
Heaven's bells are ringing, ringing sweet and clear;
Hear the host of angels sing the glad refrain—
"Glory in the highest! peace on earth to men!"

Sing for Christmas Morn;
Jesus Christ is born:
Joybells ringing, angels singing,
Christ is born!

Lo! a star shines brightly in yon eastern sky,
Hov'ring o'er the stable where the oxen lie;
Wise men find the Saviour in a manger born—
Give their choicest treasures on this Christmas Morn.

We, as those before us, Jesu's praises sing,
Bringing humble off'rings to our Lord and King;
He Who came from Glory, left His home above—
Oh, what condescension! Oh, what wondrous love!

E. Clarke.



MAMMOTH CHRISTMAS TREE.—Some idea of the size of this gigantic community tree, set up in a North American city, may be had by noting the spectators at the foot

CHRISTIANS AWAKE!

Christians, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarhate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.